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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HOLMES W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLUTCHE; OR, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE YOUNG ISRAELITE BAKED.

Having now brought the scenes and incidents of our story up to the morning following the robbery in the Tower, we resume the onward thread of our drama, and enter with Lord Neagle the abode of the Jew, Josaphat, at the door of which we left him.

The residence of this Israelite was outwardly far superior to that of others of his station, while, usually affected, as we have witnessed in the abode of Salathiel, an external meanness, to cover intrinsic magnificence. But Josaphat had a son, Absalom, a young man of such a noble character, and so filial in evidence, that every one said he was ransacked. This young Hebrew had more English than Jewish ideas, and for his sake the exterior of their abode bore some proportion to the wealth of the occupants; for Josaphat was only exceeded in wealth by the more princely Salathiel.

Lord Neagle was admitted in a little outer shop, hung about with second-hand articles, which, from time immemorial, have been an unchangeably the sign of a Jewish money dealer, as the more significant three balls, which, by the way, appropriated, in their opinion, only to the lower order of dealers in loans. Thus Salathiel had in front of his gorgeous establishment an old clothes shop, and so now, at the abode of Josaphat, his rival Dives, the first apartment was a depot of old jewelry and half-worn articles of luxury.

"Where is Josaphat?" asked Lord Neagle of a sharp-eyed, hawk-nosed, black-headed, vulgar young Jew, who was behind the counter—the man for ordering dinners. He was of the meanest chaffering, for the purchase of an old coat, with a wretched-looking man, who had evidently taken it off of his back to sell it, for he was in his shirt sleeves.

"I'll gif de vun shilling, vun vun farden more, or I must go!" was the saying, with earnest energy as if he were bargaining for a velvet robe or a scarf of ermine.

"It is too little. Two shillings, and take it!"

"Not a farding more, oh, mine Lord!" as the coat took to him with an air of affected indifference, albeit his sticking glance wistfully and hopefully attached to each of the two last bids; for in a trade the Jew's whole soul and all his energies are entered, though it be but buying an old pair of boots.

"Take it, then, and give me the shilling," said the man, with a sort of desperation.

"Where is Josaphat?" demanded Lord Neagle, in a more authoritative tone.

He was now heard; and the Jew, looking at his man, and perceiving his superior address, paused and said, tossing a shilling to the man, and casting the coat upon a pile of similar merchandize behind him—

"Who vish to see him?"

"Eagle!—age that to him!"

The Jew rung a little bell. A little shriveled up son of Abraham, but dark enough to have been of the race of Ishmael, trotted in, in one hand holding a pair of iron spectacles, and in the other an immense quill pen with a mouse-tail.

"A Christian gentleman wants to see Rabbi Josaphat," said the salesman, in Hebrew.

"Why?"

"Ask him."

"I vot bin te pudness?" he asked, in a shrill voice, and looking at Lord Neagle through the round cluster of his spectacles, which he held up before his eyes, or rather, one glasless-looking eye (for the right one was extinguished, and only a tiny white), "you vont to porrow monish on vatch—on ring—on any ting?"

"I wish to do my business with your Rabbi."

"Dosh he know vot you are?"

"Go and tell him Eagle is here! Be quick—I am in no humor to wait!"

This fortune was not successful. The little hump-backed old man left the shop, and in a few moments opened another door behind the shop, and Neagle stood, to whom he beckoned. He followed him without hesitation, leaving the young Jew peering up and down in front of his shop, a pantomime which he never intermitted from morning till night, save when he could draw him into a passing customer.

Lord Neagle followed the little dried-up Jew through a long, narrow passage, which led by a door into a large and magnificent court, in the center of which was a fountain, trees, and encircling galleries supported by columns. The court was paved with marble and covered with arabesques. Although he had, two years before, been in this place, the young noble paused a moment to contemplate a scene, which resembling a Moorish palace before his eyes so suddenly in the heart of London seemed like the work of magic—as if the little old Jew had been the magician to create the spectacle, so he threw open the door. A tall, dark man—for he had passed his early youth in Algiers—with a dignified air, and a suite of affability which finely lighted up his thin but handsome features, advanced from a seat where he had been reading by the fountain, and extending his hand, said, with a rich and pleasant-toned voice, in French—

"Welcome, my lord. I have not seen you for a very long time. I feared you had taken offence by my refusal of your application for a loan. Pardon me for speaking French, but I do not speak English well, as I have not cast out here, sit down, my lord."

Lord Neagle took the seat he pointed out to him by the fountain in the sunshine, and for a moment there was mutual embarrassment. Where was something in the dignity of the Jew's air and manner, that made him hesitate to make known the business he came upon.

"How can I serve you, my lord?"

"Is your son within, Rabbi?"

"Yes; but he is preparing to be present at the ceremony of the Barmitzvah to-day."

"What is that?"

"The reception of youths into the ranks of men, when, in person, they take upon themselves the vows and responsibilities of the law and faith of our fathers."

"Who is the youth?"

"Israel, the son of Salathiel, and with him twelve others of the same age; for Jewish lads, at the age of fourteen, publicly take their vows in the synagogue. Is answers somewhat to the rite of confirmation in your English system."

"I thought yes and Salathiel were rivals, and therefore he refused his daughter Keturn to your son for wife?"

"No. We are rivals in business," answered Josaphat, with a smile; "and know no friendship where our money interests are involved; but when we meet as Israelites, we are brothers!"

"But when I was last here did I not find Absalom in great anger and grief, because Salathiel had refused him his daughter; and if I mistake not, you also were not a little moved?"

"Yes; and this is still a grief to us!"

"And he still loves Keturn?"

"Yes, and seldom smiles for the depth of his disappointment."

"And does she love him?"

"She loves Israel Zaul."

"And all that is wanted is her father's consent?"

"No more for they have had mine for two years. Indeed, the two have loved one another from childhood!"

Lord Neagle was for a moment thoughtful! He still kept back the great errand he came on, though each moment of delay was perilous; yet he felt with such a proposition as he was about to make to the dignified Jew, to advance money on the Tower jewels, it behoved him not to be too precipitate, but to "beaten slowly." It was necessary, as it were, "to play his cards well." The knowledge which his former dealings with Josaphat gave him of the financial history of the family, he resolved, with an artfulness characteristic of him, to make use of to pave the way to the immense negotiation he wished to bring about. He knew that if he could unite personal interests and individual considerations with the transaction, he would be likely to effect his object in obtaining the amount sought, as if doubting upon a plan of action, he said impressively and ridingly—

"Rabbi, I must say one word to your son."

"I will send for him. But have the air be cold. We will go into this room. He will meet us there."

Clapping his hands together, there appeared a young girl, of ten years, with dark, Arabic eyes, for Moorish she was of her mother, whose Jewish plot had brought from Algiers as a slave. She stopped and crossed her hands upon her bosom, and bent her head submissively, as if waiting his will.

He gave her an order in the Arabic tongue, and with a slow obeisance she disappeared. In a few moments Lord Neagle saw a door upon the pilasters open, and the young Israelite appear. He waived an apology to the rabbi, and hastened to meet the young man, who at once recognized him, and smiled as he received his hand.

"One word aside with you, Absalom," said the managing English noble, as he passed his arm familiarly through that of the handsome young Jew. Together they walked aside beneath the orange-trees, which grew in the fountain. The young man was shorter and stouter than Lord Neagle, (whose figure was a model for a modern Adonis,) but well formed, and he carried himself with a dignity and ease that redeemed all deficiency of light. His feet and hands were so small as to be almost feminine; and his long, flowing, jet-black locks swept his shoulders with an elegance and magnificence that the absolute prince, for whom he was named, might have envied. His face was dark, with a complexion of a tone rich and warm, yet compounded with the mingled hues of the hazel and the cherry. His eyes were large, and splendidly slight with the feeling and passion of his soul, and being slightly almond-shaped, (a singular beauty of the human eye,) had that oriental expression peculiar to all the children of the Chaldean patriarch; while the long, black, crescented eye-lashes fringed them dreamily, and lent to them a liquidness and tenderness indescribable. Without doubt, a handsome Jew of either sex is the handsomest being of the human race. Absalom was in every sense a noble specimen of his race. His smile was only surpassed by its power and frankness, but a superb set of teeth. Two of his olive-brown and elegantly-shaped fingers glittered with diamonds. He was in a dressing-gown, as if in demi-toilet when called.

"Absalom," said Lord Neagle, as he stopped with the young Jew near a young cedar of Lebanon, plously transplanted from the land of the Jew, "you have been the fair daughter of Salathiel?"

"I envy you! I am forbidden to see her! Where and when, my lord?" asked the Jew, with earnest, and speaking English with a thoroughly educated accent.

"At her father's, yesterday evening. She is an heiress, and speaking English with a thoroughly educated accent."

"At her father's, yesterday evening. She is an heiress indeed. I know you are in love!"

"So I hope! But it is all vain, my lord, for us to hope."

"I have reason to think otherwise!"

"Do you come to me at her request?" he demanded, his brilliant eyes sparkling with interest.

"No, Absalom, I come on my own errand," said Neagle, smiling. "I assure you that I have discovered, it matters not how, that she loves you. But you're not to tell any other approaches. You know that I feel an interest in you, Absalom!"

"In what way?"

"Yes, and now. Your father has done me many a service before I was of age; and I only left him to seek the aid of Salathiel, because he did not wish to be concerned in affairs in which I was involved. But I related no anger, as my presence here to-day shows. I have come to ask your aid!"

"Command me!"

"In inducing your father to advance me a loan to a very large amount!"

"If it is for his interest you will not require my recommendation."

"But the amount is so large? I need two hundred thousand pounds within one or two hours!"

"The young Jew stood with incredulity at the speaker.

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am. I am ready to place at his disposal for the loan the sum I have mentioned!"

"This is a very great sum!"

"I consult you and ask your influence with your father, not only because I know you are on a par with him in his private bank, but because I love he may object to advancing so much."

"Not if the security is good! But I see you do not like me all that is to your mind!"

"I have not; but I will do so! Rumor has it Salathiel refuses his daughter to you because you have not as much wealth by one-third as she possesses in her own right."

"Our fathers are equally rich!"

"True; but Josaphat's wealth is not your own, while the fair Keturn's is in her own right, inherited from her uncle and her mother. Salathiel, therefore, does not consider you a desired husband for you have no wealth in your own right, and wholly look to your father's riches."

"It is true, very true," answered the young Jew, coloring. "I had suspicions of this before! It was, therefore, that my father took me into copartnership with him!"

"But this does not help your case," said the subtle nobleman; "for if your father hereby divides his wealth with you equally, he makes himself inferior in opulence to Salathiel; and the haughty descendant of David still denies you his daughter, simply on your representation of half your father's wealth."

The young man's face became sad, and he sighed heavily. He pressed his hand to his forehead and said, in a melancholy tone of voice—

"I see that there is no hope for me! I shall lose Keturn unless some miracle confer upon me wealth equal to her own!"

"It must be equal to her own; and yet, to be frank with you, she may that be given to you."

"What further obstacle interposes?"

"Are you ignorant that Salathiel is an ambitious man? that he is one of the chief originators of the Jews' disability bill, and spares neither influence nor gold to get it through Parliament? He hopes that his children shall be admitted to peerages, and self, should it pass to a law removing the disability of your people, to sit in the House of Commons! And mark you, Absalom, it is not wholly from personal ambition this Prince of David's line seeks to sit among the rulers of the Gentiles to make laws for the Sanzinic Church of the realm, but he places his daughter a peer among the proud daughters of England, and marry her to a noble."

Absalom started as if a serpent had glided across his feet, and uttered an emphatic exclamation in the Hebrew tongue, while his face became pale with amazement and anger.

"Your words—can they be true?"

"Yes."

"Salathiel is too good a Jew to give his daughter to an uncircumcised Christian."

"Ambition is greater than all else! As a Jew he gains nothing. Allied with a noble house he has power, rank, social position! See D'Israeli!"

"A renegade!"

"No! but a glory and honor to your people says and thinks Salathiel. He would rather be D'Israeli than Rabbi!"

"And what nobleman has he in view?" asked the lover, with a tremulous voice.

"He who is before you now!"

"You, my lord?" and he moved three paces off.

"Yes. It is in my power to become the husband of the beautiful Jewess who loves only you. But, look you, I am very rested upon Neagle, whose fate remained calm and immovable.

"But I have come hither as your friend! I have a proposition to make to you. If you secure to me this morning two hundred thousand pounds on the jewels I have named, I will not only resign all thought of the beautiful Keturn, but aid you in obtaining her for your bride, and place in your hands wealth besides equalling her own. It is in my power you perceive to serve you."

"I promise, my lord! I am ready to consent to anything for her. I was to-day expecting to see her at the synagogue—at least at a distance, for only at a distance am I now permitted to see her, so stern is her father in forbidding me his house. There is to be a ceremony of our religion to day, and she will be there with her brother, Israel. You encourage me by assuring me that she still loves me. How shall I talk you with my father?"

"By pressing him to consent—opposing objections, and asserting him that I have power, if he obliges me with the loan, to bring about your union with Keturn; which I know his desires as much, if possible, as you do."

"Yes, my father would make any sacrifice for my happiness."

"That is enough. Let us join him."

The two entered the room where the wealthy man sat looking over his accounts, upon the page of which were the names not only of lords, but of ladies, and even secret borrowers highest in rank. He looked up inquiringly.

"Rabbi, I have come hither to say to you that there has come into my possession a large amount of jewels, which are valued at not less than half a million! I wish you to go with me and see them, and advance me upon them two hundred thousand pounds by noon."

The Jew's eyes brightened like the light of gilttering stones as he heard this news. It fell on his ears like the sound of the trumpet to the soldier. He repeated the words twice over, and then asked—

"From the continent?"

"Yes," answered Lord Neagle, after a moment's hesitation at the lie.

"A very large sum indeed. Perhaps some prince wishes to raise money?"

"Can I proceed a friend—a foreign prince—to negotiate the loan for him. Time is important. Will you go with me?"

"To see the jewels?"

"Yes. I have a carriage near the door."

"Where! How far?"

"In these quarters of an hour we will be there. For certain reasons I desire it to be known to no one. You will consent to be blindfolded?"

"Then I cannot go. This looks suspicious!"

"It is not, my father. I am assured that you should go—or let me go!" said Absalom.

"What interest have you?"

Absalom colored, and whispered a few moments in his ear. After some hesitation he shook his head, and was about to turn away disappointed when the Rabbi said—

"Stay, my son. I will go with you, my lord, but I cannot be blindfolded."

"Will you swear, then, by your prophets, and all sacred to you, to keep the secret of the place?"

"I will go! I need not take the jewels, but I am there unless all is right."

The cupidity of the Jew was stronger than the suspicions of the man. And mystery in his trade was not so rare but he should decline an opportunity of obtaining so large a business. Here was secrecy and mystery.

In a few minutes the two men, the nobleman and the Jewish leader, were in the carriage which had brought the former up from the house of Coup-Town-Ford. As they drove rapidly through the streets of London eastward, the cry of the newsmen selling "Full account of the robbery in the Tower, fall on Lord Neagle's ears. His blood leaped to his brain, and instantly clearing both the carriage windows on the plea that the air was close, he cast a look of fear and the face of the Jew to see if he had heard the cry. But his features betrayed no sign of its having reached his ear, though the cries of the soldiers followed. The horses were now urged forward, and in half an hour they were in the entrance of the Customs, where, three hours before, Lord Neagle had left the impatient earl in his study.

THE RETURN OF EARL CONYNGHAM'S APPEARANCE IN HIS OWN MANSION.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JEWEL MERCHANT.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning after the robbery when the Earl of Conyngham, who had been impatiently expecting the return of Lord Neagle, saw the carriage drive up and his lordship alight, accompanied by the Jew, whose person was concealed by a cloak. His lordship cast a frown, checked the expression of satisfaction which the sight of the Israelite caused.

"Is this the jewel merchant? This is imprudent in Lord Neagle. *I* must mask, then!" As he spoke he gained the door of the room and opened the Customs. The Jew the next moment entered the library, ushered in by the young nobleman, whose face wore an air of triumph.

"The man can betray us!" said the earl, in an angry tone, "and you have brought him unmasked! I need veen."

"He can be trusted! He is an oath; and besides I have so managed as to unite his interest with ours!"

"Will he advance the money?"

"He wishes first to see the jewels!"

"There is a secret stairway from my closet to the place within which they are hidden. We need not go out of doors and be seen."

"So much more favorable. Will you go, my lord, and bring up the jewels, or shall I?"

"I will go for them."

"So much the better. I am afraid of Hindlip Griffin's spies. He is the man on the door. Is not, my lord; for all London is alive with the news?"

"Of the robbery?"

"Yes—it is shouted by newsmen everywhere! It is by wonderful chance the Jew had not heard it. And, what is more, your——"

Here Lord Neagle checked himself, recollecting that the earl had sent news to his daughter of his being alive; and how he hoped, with the money he should obtain from the Jew, to get his debts, and retain his position in safety, supposed to be ignorant of his attempted self-murder.

"Of the robbery?"

"Nothing, my lord. Let us not delay. While you go down, I will keep my friend here company."

"Has he the money?"

"Not here; but he can obtain it, if he is satisfied of the value of the jewels."

"Of this there is no fear," said the Earl. "I have seen my messenger. He left my note at my door. I am now relieved about my daughter. I begin in a few hours to embrace her, anointing her of our restored fortune, and promise her never again to cross the recovered threshold of Dr Proud's or any other gaming room. Keep the Jew concealed while I am gone."

This conversation was held in the extremity of the apartment, while Josephat stood near the door scrutinising their behest. Upon his dark, intelligent countenance was an expression not easily translatable; but it was one which set Lord Nesgle took a second look thereat to did not like and which troubled him. The eyes of the Israelite were fixed thoughtfully upon the floor which flowed past not far off.

"You do not leave London often," said Lord Nesgle, as he double-locked the door softly, speaking by way of passing the moments till the Earl should come back and inform the treasurer.

"It is few years since I have been here before !"

"Here?"

"Yes, my lord. Ten years ago I was in this house."

"You?"

"A other one." The old Earl was then alive !"

Lord Nesgle looked blank! He had driven by cross and by-streets as an unbroider his companions, and believed that he did not know the way to it.

"Do you mean the Earl—"

"Of Crayhurst! In those days, however, a business visit like the present. The Earl was contesting a seat for his brother and needed money. I found for him ten thousand pounds. I said it before his suicide! I shall be happy to oblige his son, the present Earl, who just left above."

This was spoken quietly and in a tone of indifference. Lord Nesgle started and thought to himself that it was very odd.

"Do you know the last, then ?"

"By the blood-stone upon his left hand. It was his father's."

Lord Nesgle felt as if there was no need to attempt to finish the sentence any longer. He now went in the chamber to look for the jewels. At first he walked away to the window. Scarcely had he done so when the Earl reappeared pale and with looks of amazement.

"The man's ghost or what is it, my lord?"

"The man ? Where are there ! He is gone?"

"Escaped and alive?"

"Vile——"

"Fray Heaven he left the treasure?"

"All but a few diamonds! Here are a portion and not being up the rest, my lord !"

In his alarm and surprise the Earl forgot that he had dropped his handkerchief on the floor; but he was now of no moment.

Lord Nesgle ran down and returned with the other box in his arms, which he laid upon the library table where the Earl had just placed what he had brought.

"How the man could have escaped and both doors closed, lost!" said the Earl. "I am sure they had all from without. Yet no man knows the secret of closing and opening the doorway and the one but me. It has fairly unnerved me—it is so unexpected and so wholly unaccountable."

"Never mind, my lord! All is safe!" Nesgle with a laugh. "He has left us enough treasure for our purposes; and we do not wish to make war by the country with what he has taken and never more let us hear of him. I am glad he is gone ; better that he dwelt on our hands !"

The Earl made no reply. The doors and windows being now carefully closed and locked, he unsealed all observation, the Earl fighted a pair of candles to illumine the obscure apartment and the letter to show the luster of the precious stones. Lord Nesgle now poured them out upon the green cloth which covered the table. Such a casualty of jewels—such a lavish display of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, very stones and pearls—dazzled their eyes, engrossed, and pearls, had not met the gaze of an Israelite at the door of Dr Proud's gaming house, even of the stately dark-faced Jew seemed to flash back their combined splendor. He rubbed his hands, and for a few moments manifested the keenest excitement at the magnificent sight before him. The two noblemen were equally dazzled and filled with admiration, for they had not, since the robbery, yet had any opportunity to examine the spoils of their night's foray into the heart of the Tower.

"A rich prince, my lord ! a mighty and opulent prince to possess them! But I ask my pardon if in boasting that here are more stones than they are in the possession of two noblemen of the realm we serve me that I am safe in speaking of them. Keep your prince's name secret. All I ask is—are the stones real ? But I know them to be such. Ah!"

A deep-toned prince, my lord. I have told him in foreign prince, my friend, sent them to me to value in loan, to pay, to be returned to hold in Spain."

"Ah!" and the cast shrugged his shoulders. The Earl doubted him as a man of honor more than the robbery had. A lie is a sign of moral depravity, while a robbery has no stain upon the soul of the morals! The world will sooner forgive a robber than a liar; and with this therefore, shrugged his shoulders.

At length the jewels had one by one passed the ordeal of the Israelite's scrutiny. He often stopped to admire and exclaim, but finally finished his close examination. When he had done he turned to Lord Nesgle.

"My lord, this is a very great treasure! You ask for two hundred thousand pounds?"

"Yes—today."

"Asked the jewels on which you will pay that," said the earl, who a little while before, recollecting that he was impressed by the dropping of the letter, had every moment since been very nervous, and was himself to the door ways and mean whereby the Jew's knowledge of his person might be rendered futile.

Josephat paused up a minutes in patting into a heap all thousands of the riches before him.

"For me, I will advance you the amount out with ; one-half to-day, the remainder thousand to-morrow, if this will serve you, my lords," and the Lord for a loan, bargaining full upon them.

"Yes," said Lord Nesgle, turning to Harry Nesgle. "if I can have eighty thousand of it today."

"You say true. I will waive the whole to you of the one hundred thousand, and wait for my share till to-morrow."

"You are very good. I am then safe. I shall be able to maintain my position by this favor."

"One of you will accompany me into London,? said the Jew," to receive the money and conclude the agreement."

"I will go," said the earl, quickly.

"And those jewels, rabbi?" asked Lord Nesgle, laying his hand upon the glittering pile he had left.

"Do you ask the value ?"

"Yes."

"About one hundred and ten thousand pounds."

"This is good news. I shall now be ready to advance so much on them?"

"No. I have not the money."

"Can you not give me a bill on a banker in Paris if I leave them with you ?"

"I have no correspondent in Paris now. If you are going abroad again you had best take them to Paris with you, and there dispose of them. But I suppose you tried them on coming hither from the Tower—did you name him?—she once mitted them to you. How much did he hope to receive?"

"At least three hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"When you come to-morrow to obtain the amount I am to pay over to you, I will then tell you what I can do."

"I wish rather you would take them all." said Lord Nesgle, uneasily ; for the flight of Hinchcliff was pressing upon his thoughts and he was afraid the man might be tempted to betray all.

In the middle of the pretty Lord Eagle and Harry Nesgle divided equally between them, with the understanding they were the next day to be placed in the Jew-banker's possession if he should find that it was in his power to purchase them.

It was now near two. Lord Eagle ordered the doors of his library, and calling his old porter to him, he commanded him to have the whole house cleaned and set in order, as he intended the next day to come thither to reside with Lady Isabel for a short time. He also told him that it before his flight of wine hours in flames at Edmundson as to the reason of his sudden departure.

Before getting into the carriage with the Israelite, the earl called Harry aside and explained to other stone door of the dungeon. As he had said it was dust, and the inner one also ; and yet he could see no sign of the man who had left them.

"Hinchcliff is dead!" said Harry, in a low tone, startled by this news.

"Dead!" said the earl. "Is it possible ? Has he left the Tower?"

"Yes, my lord. He died on Tuesday with the cancer, and the money-lender, and the three were driven to London. Two servants followed in the coach of the corpse; one for from Josephat's residence. Here Lord Nesgle alighted, and was taken to the house of the Israelite's the next morning by his portion of the money. As he left, the earl whispered, 'he died easily.' Once more he was to conceal the fact. Try and find the fellow; Hinchcliff, for he is the only man alive who knows Chamberlain."

They parted,—he earl accompanying the Jew to his abode, the young noble-man mingling with the crowd of the old-world and walking in the direction whither He hardly knew himself. He only felt that he had to do something to get rid of the vile thought that until the next day ; when, with the money in his possession, he could fly to the Continent. The earliest possible moment he could do so, consistent with a plan which he had secretly undertaken, and the success of which he hoped would be the means of his restoration to his former position. Harry Nesgle was left alone with the corpse of the robber! One of them dressed in a blue woolen jacket and glazed hat, as a French sailor. The other——

Lord Nesgle, who still wore the costume of a French sailor, had not been long in the house of Israel before he found that the Jew was a man of his word. He was not only willing to purchase the jewels, but he was willing to do so at once. He was a man also where he could purchase an entirely different costume. He soon drew near one, and was during into his wife. He was a Jew of the name of his own, when a hand touched him roughly on the shoulder.

"Ah, my lord! So you got the jewels, hey ?"

"Hinchcliff! Hist, man! Not so loud! Would you hang me ?"

"Yes, if I am not rightful."

"Stop in here, and I will let me hear you," said Nesgle, perceiving the man's ugly looks, and that he was not sober. He led him into a by-street, and turned from Hinchcliff that he and Steenie had quarrelled, and that he had threatened to be the police, who that day were particularly active, and would be seen unmagic by all of the Jew-quarter. But this night have been owing as much to the secret riotous proceedings, hardly yet suppressed as to the robbery of the Tower.

"Now what have you to say?"

"That I be been shamefully used, my lord! Ye kee ye are in my power. I've seen the papers. I've seen what you've been about!"

"You shall have your share. It is not yet in money. Will you be quiet ?"

"Yes. I can find a Jew who'll buy 'em, and pay me cash."

"Hist, fool! Take these five diamonds, this brick, and this bracelet. They are worth five thousand pounds."

Lord Nesgle, while the shopman was looking for a cloak and slouched cap, to disguise his person as a German sugar, privately placed them in Lord Stoneie's hand. He looked at them as if satisfied, and then said—

"I mount me evil, my lord. You were not to be trusted. I've watched and will keep mum. But by St. Andrew! if I had not met you, or you had given me the cold shoulder, I would be'n had you all in prison, and produced the twenty thousand pounds reward!"

"Have you seen Hinchcliff?"

"No."

"He has played us false, and escaped without waiting for a division. If you can find him, and place him where I can lay my hand on him, I will give you a thousand pounds."

"If he is in London I'll kee where to find him," answered Stoneie, and he handed his face than he attered a cry of terror, bolted past him, and escaped in the life into the street, down which he was seen yards before he stopped. "A ghost! His lordship's ghost!" he cried as he ran, and the people stopped to gather, and inquire the cause thereof.

"Where?—what ghost?"

"His lordship's. He committed felo de se, as they call it, by drowning himself, and there he just now in his own door! I've seen him alive many a time, and know him!"

The rumor that the ghost of Lord Inglis had reappeared to his home and gone into it, collected an immense crowd about the door, but a wide space was left between it and them.

In the meantime, the earl, understanding at once that some of his former creditors must have sent the officer to take possession, passed through the hall, unchallenged, "I am free from those spy-minions of law, now and forever. Dad where is Hinchcliff, who is a gone?" he asked aloud. Getting no reply, he hurried, with forebodings of he knew not what evil, into the sitting-room. It was empty and in confusion; but he saw two officers of the law seated on his sofas smoking his cigars, and drinking his wine, and, as he fancied, he knew, taking an inventory. In a voice of anger, he ordered them to quarter. The chief, who with pen in hand, seated at a little table, was making a record of the contents of the room, arose, and held before him the warrant he exposed in the bottom of the Thames, that he sprung up with a terrified look, overturned his table, and flew with a speed that rivaled that of the constable. As he passed out he knew somebody must! It is Lord Inglis's ghost!" One of the two men did not wait for a second warning cry, but, throwing the bottle he was emptying upon the floor, followed the sentry out; but the other, taper enough to defy the devil, snatch has a sure ghost, kept his seat, and said, with amazing hospitality—

"Have a glass—one you! Take a glass o' sherry? Aint got no ice, for you'd like it cool after bein' down in that hot place? Here be some of your lordship's wine, and pretties good it is, I'll assure you. Come, old lord what do you call you? Have some wine? Bah hah! Why, he's gone! Devil is gone before. Do now. Hope you like the wine, my lord! Sherry wine is it? Drowning must be an infernal hard stroke! Here's your gloriosky's good health !"

"Lord Inglis! cried Lord Inglis, advancing to the man, his eyes flashing fire, both from rage and astonishment that he perceived at once by the man's words, confirming the cry of the constable. "Lord Inglis! Who dare call me Lord Inglis? I am not! he was swallow, and had believed it was only known to himself and to Lord Nesgle, who had assisted in Harley's escape from the Tower. Inglis! Lord Inglis! Lord Inglis! Lord

world is cold and unfeeling. I have not courage to be known! I must go with you as your friend!"

"Just as your dear father suggested," said Bella, burying herself in picking up about the room everything she could lay hands on, that she thought would be of service to her unhappy mistress.

It was therefore, decided that the beautiful and hapless lady should, attired as a young woman in humble life, accompany Bella home; for her uncle's was her home when not with Lucille. After everything had been got ready and Isabel had put on the humblest apparel she possessed, the coach-man received them at the very back-gate from which, five hours afterwards in the afternoon, her wretched and guilty father had made his escape on horseback. The back drove off out of London in the direction of the village of their destination. Scarcely had it disappeared the messenger, who had been dispatched by the earl early in the morning to his daughter with the note written in his library, alighted at the stree-door; when, finding no one to receive it, thought he staled he gave it to Bella in order to get his reward, he pushed it beneath the door, and galloped away again. So Lady Isabel heard not that her father lived.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

STANZAS.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Pain, thou'rt here my heart's young clinging
From its brightest, dearest dreams,
Wilt thou ever, ever, ever
Reign my heart-throne over serene?

Haunting ones they crowd around me to-night,
When the heart is raging most—
Haunting each the record has brought,
Not the dead—not yet the lost.

Thou hast reared,—here 'tis still, 'tis cold,
Nine I'll sigh am for the sad;
But were he lost, when a mother
Desolation were my bread.

True, she once looked on his bridal
Long ere sea had over sea,
But he is the sacred all
I have found to worship yet.

Do I love him,—God bless me for him!
Wakes he not a world that's real?
Sigh I not for dreams dissolved?
He is like me up Mind!

Do I love him? No, more shadow—
Earth-love I've known may not move;
He seems empty, dreamless, nowhere
Is the heart I love.

Yet within his eyes dark drowning
I can find the mate of mine,
And I've heard his soft voice seeming
Like an angel's through the night.

Then, oh! learn me him—him only,
And I'll only not for the dead;
But were he lost, what a lonely
Desolation were my bread!

TWO WASTED LIVES;

OR,

THE COST OF VANITY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

When Louise Monson left school and returned home, she received acquaintance, as a young lady, with Cherly and Lottie Hudson, the only daughters of her childhood. They were the children of Mr. Monson's constant neighbors and most intimate friends, as it was very natural that, through the days and years when conspicuous and all assumer of boyhood and girlhood were subordinate to maturity, the young people should renew their intimacy with a large infusion of sentimentality.

Louise was a pretty, piquant girl of eighteen—Charley a dashing, handsome boy of twenty or two-two. Proximity, youth, beauty, old associations; boating, driving, riding, walking in company; moonlight strolls on perfumed summer eves; eyes of smiling, beautiful blue—eyes deep, dark, and searching all combined, a plenty of romance; an affectionate, fondly interested mutual confidants all these are circumstances wonderfully favorable to the growth of the tender passion. Nobody was the least surprised when Charley led his blushing Louise to her parents, and, after due protestations of his love, asked them to bestow upon him the precious little treasure of his heart.

There was not a particle of opposition from any quarter. Everybody expressed the most unbounded laugh upon the somewhat extravagant raptures of Charley, and the gentle blushing modesty that fell on one of her quondam schoolmates, who was his cid of one of her quondam schoolmates, who was as yet unappropriated, but failed utterly. There were plenty of "kisses" in store for Louise's "dear sis," but never a "tear" to rhyme to "fear."

But only hours and four short days after, when Charley went away to the West to seek his fortune, and make a beautiful home for his little wife that she would have to be. Letitia cried, and Louise sobbed piteously, while she clung closely to Charley, and there were some tears in the eyes of Cecil, in the gentleman's dark eyes, that made an application of his cambric handkerchief highly necessary, and very convenient.

Partings cannot last forever, and even this was at length over. Charley had gone—he was rattling over long, dreary stretches of railway, or steaming across the blue waters of the great lakes, away toward his western home. And Louise was left behind alone, not ever longing for Charley's company, with nothing to do but sigh and weep, and read over miserable short letters, and pen perfumed note-paper with the story of her love, or to look from the window, at evening, down into the beautiful garden of Cecil Hudson, where the moonlight, playing with the waving branches, flecked with silvery lights the grassy greensward, where the tread of the lovers' feet had kept time to the music of their hearts' throbs, and low, murmured words. Louise enjoyed (no unmeaning pun) added the full luxury of grief for a time, but it, at last, like all luxuries, palls upon the appetite.

Times outdoned her eye, dolor gave a most unnatural expression to the face which formerly was the mirror of the mind. Sighs were a mighty conventional and troublesome expenditure of breath. She reflected that sadness could not atone for the separation from her lover; that it was right to preserve her good looks in anticipation of his return; that he was too unselfish to desire her to be miserable on his account. So, bathing her reddened eyes in cool ablutions, and smoothing the ringlets which she had worn in studied disbelignment since the parting hour, and turning resolutely away from the moonlit garden, she went down into the parlors, wherein she had caught the sound of a brilliant prelude upon the piano-forte, followed by the rich tones of Letitia Hudson's voice.

Letitia had walked over with her parents to pass the evening at Mr. Monson's, and had been followed by two young gentlemen of the neighborhood, who, being both smitten with the charms of the fair Letitia, and neither having yet found boldness to tell his love, they signified to one another his unbitchlesse; to him the story of a new love and an agreeable marriage; to him suspense, and misery and estrangement that almost seemed final.

In vain either sought explanation, none came, and as last Montimer Leland thought the hour of his triumph had arrived. Hitherto he had worked in secret. He had bribed a fashion clerk, and all the letters of his rival had been given to him. He knew and had watched the progress of the whole affair, and when he plucked up the courage to write, he expected some letter he stepped from behind the screen, and, without crossing the false part he had played, he gave to Louise the note first, and, from him, a discarded lover, the most generous sympathy. He bitterly wrestled wrought upon her bewildered feelings, till she was ready to lean in full acquiescence of the silent, yet believer herself feminine, and deceived, and mocked. And, by his persuasion, she wrote to Charley declaring she never again to write to her, even to present himself before her, and assuring him that was an over dead to her.

When she thanked Mortimer Leland that night, and, with her little hand in his, called him her true and generous friend, he believed his suit more than half won. He spoke no word of love then, but he looked it, and he looked it again, and that parting, and felt in his hand the letter that Louise had written to him, he felt sure that he possessed of the very victory which was so near.

That letter he took out and read next day he dispatched to its destination. But oh, the fallibility of human calculations. That letter never reached Charley, but was officially delivered to that on which he had counted. Charley saw the beloved hand-writing on the envelope, but his joy changed to bitterest surprise as he read. He doubted, the evidence of his eyes, he feared at the moment, the handwriting in which the bitter words, the first he had received from her, were penned, was a forgery, and quite unable to assure himself that they were a forgery.

He had been detained by pressing business, or he would have gone to Louise before, but the most immediate hindrances to his journey were removed by the time he could have reached Detroit, on his way to the East, determined to investigate the wrong in person.

Scarcely a week after the letter was dispatched, Mortimer Leland, standing on the platform at the depot near Charley's residence, saw the latter alight, and, with valise in hand, take his course across the meadows that lay between him and the pleasant little white chimneys of Mr. Monson's house. He knew "the game was up," but knew also that all his calculation of chances had failed, and that, as he said to himself, he "had no further business in that direction whatever." He turned away, and so failed, and which ended only when a rebuttant yes had been drawn from her lips. Then he left Cecil Hudson and Mrs. Monson in the library, and Charley unbolted his purpose. He had come to L'Louise, he told her at last, and that was the first time he had met her since he had been to his wife—he could not resist the temptation of telling her that, and he complained him.

The poor woman had spent many anxious hours of late, fearing much for the happiness of their erring child, and they were willing that even the hasty marriage should be forgiven for the sake of securing believing that all anxiety would then be happily ended. But Charley's arrival was not the end. It was a wedding in the village church, and the newly-wed bride stood by her husband's residence, and the bridal party returned home to tea.

This hurried but happy wedding perhaps should close the scene, but this veracious sketch is not yet through. It was declared at the time that Louise was probably very like all honeymoons past, present, and yet to come, but there were circumstances by others exactly less happy. But a dark memory was haunting the bosom of Mrs. Charley—one that was not quite forgot the past, and when the first bloom and freshness of his wedded life was past, in which the first entrancing delights of love and home had become familiar and tame, and had taught her to yield to them left, in many instances, a void that she could not him suffer in the past. He doubted her love, he knew that her husband's heart was not all his own, and now, condemned to the constant, cruel, and bitter task of watching the secret workings of her husband's heart, her fair spirits fled with the brilliant hues of her young days, and she became a victim of the life to which she had once looked forward with such joyful anticipations, she yet drags on its weary, monotonous round, and she does also alone. The namely, generous disposition so changed in her husband's character, and so many instances the chivalric devotion to woman turned to a contemptible weakness, that she was constantly wishing that Charley Hudson once promising such a noble perfection of manhood, a surly, miserable, unsatisfied, and unsatisfying husband, and that Louise all who knew him. And at such a fearful confession Louise would fly to her husband's bosom, and vanity been un—the misery of two wasted and useless lives!

THE FEROCITY OF THE OWL.

A singular fact has recently been brought to light, which, we fear, will be sadly to many unfeathered creatures, took place recently. A young man, named Jacob Schaffer, living near Dorset, Sandusky, Ohio, in returning home across the fields, was suddenly seized on the back part of the head by an owl, who had suddenly lighted on his back, and it was with some difficulty the winged assailant was driven off. It is the habit of many of the workingmen of the neighborhood, who was passing near the spot, was also attacked by the same or another owl, which flew to his face and severely bit his hand. In each case he was driven off by the beak of the destroyer. It was subsequently ascertained that there was a nest of young owls in a tree near the place, and there is no doubt that the parent birds made these remarkable assaults.

[ADVERTISEMENT PLEASANT.—Pleasure owes its greatest zest to anticipation. The promise of a shilling dollar will keep a boy in happiness for a year. The fun connected with its possession will expire in an hour. Now, what is true of school-boys is equally true of men: all they differ in is the price of their dollars.

A WESTERN DUEL.

The following terrible account of a southwestern duel is no work of fiction, but the plain and unvarnished statement, that took place in a public tavern some years ago, and amidst a number of witnesses. To make the story intelligible, it should be premised that a swaggering Western bully, named Clark, had been for some time grossly insulted society, on entering a tavern, swore that he would raise a fight, and, in order to do so, walked quietly up to a young man in the company, and, after listening to some private conversation between him and a friend, deliberately gives him the lie, and calls him a coward. A challenge, of course, takes place, and the following is the mode of fighting and the result of the fight:—

"Reconciliation, now during the space of a few hours, being thus rendered impossible, and all the already preliminaries of fighting here, rejected, or unattended to, a new proposition was made. It was Clark—that in order to disarm one of the parties of his doubted general advantages of a duelist—he permit the other, as a personal favor, to bring him the ill

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1857.

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $5; and clubs, $2 each. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00. The party who sends us $10 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy free. It will be observed that we do not send papers on credit, under any circumstances whatever. No chapter in our business history is more instructive than that containing our experience, and beautifully illustrated, in regard to the operation of specifications, these terms. We always stop the paper at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid for, unless the person wish to continue it, you should renew your subscription at least one week before the time expires. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscription taken for a less period than one year. Clubs subscribed for and sent to one post-office, and to be mailed to the name of the Post-Office, Town and State, to which you wish the papers sent.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such agent, and to obtain money on a subscription, do not pay our paper in at the book and periodical stores; but if you choose to remit to us, remit each of your dollars, plus you can send in two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

REMITTANCES.—We will not return remitted manuscripts.

OUR CITY.

Our city is the acknowledged metropolis—the great commercial and monetary centre—as it should be the pride and boast of the New World. Advantaged by position beyond any other mart, swelled by population, and enriched beyond parallel, it would seem as if nothing but the elements of it by nature or external circumstances. And yet, with all its splendor of position, with the noblest of ocean bays bathing its front, and the broad magnificent of inland waters laving its sides and including its trade with the commerce of the great lakes and the mighty granaries of the giant West—with its multitude of ships, its palatial fire-resisting stores of its merchant princes, its artisan shops and endless whirl of building and traffic, ayo, with all these signs of prosperity, more or less are we plunged in the pits of debasement, and wholly given up to riot, violence, disorder, and crime, than our own proud and beautiful mart.

On a lesser scale—we grant the disparity—it has become the reproach of a Babylon, or a Sodom, and that, too, so long, that many have doubted if the days of virtuous population, of law, of commercial, and honest public servants, and of public regard for order and decency, were not passed. Yet so swift and overwhelming has been the tide of corruption, that few have had the assurance or spirit of self-assertion to stem it, or seek to drive against it on this side or that. Men of traffic have been too busied with speculation and money getting to afford their city's good cause; thousands have plead their respectability, or left with the criminal classes equal appeals for their aid at the ballot-box to purge the Augean stables, and the police, court, and plunder, and misrule, have been given over to, or seized by, a multitude who cared not whether the city's condition should be one of order or chaos, so long as they could riot in spoils, and go unpunished of their crimes.

Without reference to individuals, or desire to impugn any political party, we say that our city, naturally has, for a long time past, been most wretchedly misgoverned and debauched—not in one department, but in all. The defenders of order have been silenced and dearly paid to serve the public, has been all but universal. Men of unquestioned high character have arisen to the most responsible and dignified offices, to the reproach of all who see and know; the plundering and squandering, and defrauding of justice have been wholesale; the criminal always grievous enough, has been rapidly doubled and trebled, and yet the material interests of our city were never so rapidly and shamefully neglected. Reproach, and that righteously, has fallen upon us from within and without.

We have thought much, but have said little, of these things and caring or meaning to soothe with ordinary political comment, but when an evil overruns all customary bounds, and becomes the proper thought and business of all, we cannot forbear a word. This is a great city, and what it does, or suffers, goes further for good or evil abroad, as a people, than all the legislation and doings of many States—for our city commands more than any and all other single cities of the Atlantic, with all the great centers and marts of the civilized world. Europe and the whole World look to us for exemplifications of republican government and society, and by what we are, and repute the Republic is largely judged. It behooves us, then, to desire and to have good government, that prosperity and good order may go hand in hand, so that our name shall everywhere be famous and just fellowship, and that the wonder that the proudest honest ambition could desire to higher political plan for the well and happiness of the great city—therein to act well the station's and the patriot's part. Let us trust that the era has returned when men, instead of supplying our public treats in our midst, will esteem it their proudest fortune and their faithfullest to aid in the good work. This is all that is wanted to retrieve the character of our city.

How to Have a Read.—The true way to rain a wind, whether a business or a love, is to manifest a desire for it as little as possible.

The tradesman seldom succeeds either in business or in love. Tradesting is a coin that never rises to par value. It is always below par value, and you very frequently have it so under for it. This is a truth with which some people, we could name, seem to be unacquainted. But let them continue to be the victims of their own folly.

Are right to thus for themselves is a privilege which some people are disposed to claim, and we cannot complain that there is anything very unreasonable in it.

It is a right which all people should claim and exercise. The man who cannot, does not, or will not think for himself, might better be out of society than to or of it. To the independent thinker we are indebted for all our modern reforms, our best laws, and everything that is good in social science.

"A FORTUNE IN HER OWN RIGHT."

Among the matrimonial advertisements which have so frequently graced the daily papers, there was one, some time ago, that furnished a valuable text. We propose to use it in this article.

The advertisement referred to represented a gentleman of social position, who had several daughters for whose marriage he was desirous of arranging with suitors who might prove acceptable to them, severally, while meeting his own views, as their natural supervisor. As an inducement to "men of property and standing" to seek their hands, he stated in every respect, he represented his daughters as possessed, each, of a fortune in her own right.

As may be supposed, not a few letters were forwarded to the address assumed, by well-seekers of all sorts—good, bad, and indifferent—among whom the "disinterestedness" was a single profession, while "money was no object?" As each application doubtless came by postage unpaid, the number of applications became quite a "paying" business, albeit in a small way, after all! But, as everything has its end, this game was at length played out. Some pretended suitor, as soon as he found himself "fortune hunting," met the just punishment of the disinterested "father" of these "daughters" with a "fortune in their own right," and the matter was upon his retreat, with an effect.

Of course, there was a letter in the camp, for a moment! But the advertiser proposed to convince his accusers that he had stated the truth in his advertisement. He would introduce the suitor to his "daughters" to his presence. They appeared with their fortunes, and, instead of a letter of thanks and address, every feature and motion indicating vigor of mind as well as of body, proposed a liberal and industrious habits—in a word, every quality desirable in a wife! Hammering these, and fixing upon them distinctly, the "father" left the suitor to his answers to say whether these did not constitute a "fortune in their own right," and the matter ended laughingly!

The speech we have in view must be patent to every reader. But, intending it for the special benefit of unmarried ladies, we would exhort them to cultivate the above-described qualities of head and heart, resting assured that the who possess them have a "fortune in her own right."

PRESS ON!

There is much to be done for poverty and labor. The world has already roused itself to a consciousness of the monstrous lack. Society struggles to relieve and lessen the distress around it, every hour shall find us more closely ascertaining duty, more anxious to fulfill it. The body politic, the masses, their moral and intellectual culture, their physical welfare, their social and political rights, have more interest to-day for every class than any other subject. The necessity of solving the difficulties of the great labor question and claims of labor is on all sides acknowledged to be paramount. The fate of the Republic is in future no double largely depends upon her wisdom and faithfulness in the solution of these and the ultimate happiness and triumph. There is no danger to be dreaded from the generous activity of the enlightened, every class of the community can operate but as a feather against the wholesome living tide that pours steadily and strong in its wards the shifting shores of blessed civilization.

MATRIMONIAL.—A widow lady, aged 30, thoroughly educated and accomplished, possessing a handsome fortune of $5,000 a year, genteel personal appearance, desires to form a matrimonial connection with a gentleman of good moral character, possessing education, business habits, and a respectable income in society, if necessary, and whose age would not exceed 35. The highest references for respectability will be given and required. Address, ——.

It makes us blush for our kind to know that such a girl may be left to wait and wait, and perhaps to suffer minister reflection would convince any half sensible person that the injurious terms we have quoted is not genuine. Such a woman, such as the one described in the advertisement, be left to wait? Such a husband she is to be married to? A well-to-do, good-looking widow of thirty-five, but to be a husband desired? Nonsense, pure! Fudge. A widow with such advantages and experience could get as many husbands as Brigham Young has wives, if she wanted them.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. A father may turn his back upon his child, brothers and sisters may prove faithless, friends may desert their trust, lovers may forget their vows, but a mother's love endures through all; in good repute; in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and will cherish the child that was born from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the days when he was innocent and free from sin with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening years of his early youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.

THE BIBLE OF AN EVENING.—Mr. SCRIVENER'S new work, "The Bible of an Evening," written expressly for the Ledger, will be commenced in our next number. It is a brilliant and powerful series of articles upon the Sacred Scriptures, even by popular tale. "The Island Princess," published in our columns last month, was written expressly for the monthly magazine is now publishing one of Miss Southworth's stories, and the story will be published in a weekly paper seven years ago—it is but right and proper that we should relieve what we have frequently said—that Miss Emma D. E. Southworth is not now writing for any publication whatever except the Ledger, and that we have a contract with her for all that she may and shall write for years to come.

A woman of people have written to us that they have during the year 1857 subscribed for the Ledger, to a newspaper-dealer in this city named Oman, and that they are now paying for the paper from him, notwithstanding they have written repeatedly to him. On the receipt of these complaints we send our book keeper to the office of business to ask for an explanation, when Mr. O. very quietly informs him, that whenever he has funds he runs out, he was unable to buy the papers to send to the parties who have paid him, and that, on application, we would call attention to the standing notice under our editorial head, requesting people to remit to us direct, and direct to us, and then they will run no risk.

NOTICE.—Now is the time for our subscribers to renew their subscriptions, so that they may have the paper continued without interruption, as we invariably stop the Ledger at the expiration of the time for which it is paid. Besides, if our yearly subscribers will get our paper by mail, renew now, it will save us the trouble of crossing off their names and re-entering them again. Those of our friends who wish to get up clubs will find our terms at the head of this column.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

IS NOT WOMAN CAPABLE OF IT?

Charles Read, the popular novelist, says that "no woman ever made a book without a struggle."

Who refuses to accept the divorce which her husband's "State-prison" uniform hold out to her, and keeps his children, and her heart warm for him, and keeps his children, and her arm round his neck, she can defy the scornful finger of that society he has outraged?

Who toils patiently on, though a husband who has deserted her, and left nothing toward her support, is allowed by law to return whenever he is sure of funds, and appropriate her earnings?

Who goes to the police court with bruised flesh, to beg off the husband who has broken his case over her back, with the heartbreaking plea "*that he was not himself*" when *he did it*.

Who keeps a tavern, all but the sign, for the dilapidated husband, who, when he has a public or private axe to grind, is lavish of the hospitality he would withhold from his wife? Who removes her deed to see punctiliously carried out, under penalty of the law, the dissipations, and who reads the harassed woman a lecture on "the necessity of economy," when the bills consequent upon this subject are shocking in?

Who eats, uncomplainingly, mutton chops at home, because he is angry, when he has dined at his club-house up-town, and otherwise luxuriates?

Who forces a smile when her husband's every common, very delicate, and very agreeable jokes of seeing some lady, in her presence, if she will agree to be Mrs. Read No. 2?

Who only sighs a little at the ghost of past happiness, and with the other half of it commences trying to pick up some lady's pocket-handkerchief, that the husband may look unmarried put on his ivory cloak or shawl?

Who, when she has kept awake with the baby for three nights, brings a cup of coffee for the third time, before she has had time to swallow a mouthful? And who has the other 6 of the 7 times, to gift her long-needed, but now cold, breakfast, is requested to tell her husband, as he buttons his overcoat comfortably over his, whether the coal, wood, butter, sugar, tea, flour, potatoes, are "out" or not, and if so, "what on earth she has been doing?"

Who, who, after all this, patiently answers the incredible question of "how she spends the dollar men entrust to her yesterday?" which was expended in the market, the grocery, the grocer's, Jones's grammar, Mary's aprons, the baby's bibs, and a little sugar here and there, which, "mamma, I have had luck to her, had broken?

Who, when her husband's brandy of long-protracted mental struggles who are those female sculptors and artists, and auctioneers and authoresses, and lecturers, and "Women's Rights" and audacious assertion of Mr. Read's?—who, if he possessed the right, must vote in woman's behalf in long-protracted struggles with pain, bodily and mental suffering, with disappointment, disheartening and misery, which men either drown in wine and dissipation, or cad with a pistol shot.

Who, I say, who, after all this, as they say, that although woman is such a mental genius, you stole the idea from some one else, as Mrs. Read from "*Claudine*" of Madame George Sand, and your "White Lies," from Sheridan's play in the London market, word for word, line for line, from Madame de Girardin's new work, "La Joie Fait Peur"!

And why is it, Mr. Read, that those men who are capable of appreciating the quality of woman's brain, are always the first to pilfer its products, and to steal them off their own!

Please sing up to the captain's office and settle *that*, Mr. Read.

FANNY FERN.

BLUEING.

The world is full of bluemen. They are found in the very square of life—in the wrinkles of the counting room, in the court room, in the legislative hall, in the editorial room, and even in the pulpit. Nobody is safe from the blues.

The proverb tells us "self-praise is no recommendation," but we think, however, people does not believe it. He constantly praises himself. Instead of waiting for his merits to recommend him, liberals preference, as much as to say he wants "an uncertain sound" to issue from its capacious mouth, and he is his self-blowing trumpet of notes. There is only a single tune that he causes to be heard, and that is the sound of his own blown by an archangel, would seem melodious or harmless to his self-inflated ears.

Now, the blower needs to learn an important lesson. It is this—that true merit is seldom long overlooked. What is it, to possess one's estimate of the or nothing towards its favorable recognition. We have "favorable opinions" of ourselves, but we do not have to be informed of our good qualities by others, nor have we to listen to their self-interested preving of any avail. Our frankness would, by chance to one, be mistaken for pretence, and so write words in the title page of our book, for the event of our getting attention to ourselves. And the "self-praise" of our modest and meritorious service to self-praise which is shown by the general mind, with partly because it is not heard, and partly because it blowers, with their trumpets in constant blast. And thus, in this as in other things, the blunderbuss is more harm than serviceable.

Away, then, with all blowers! They are neither whatever ought to be encouraged or commended, as to endanger them within their social or business circles. They serve to lower one's estimate of the If the audience is not green enough, bring on the paint-pots!

DUST.

BY A. M.

From whence does it all come? You may sweep your room twice every day, and yet will find that a cloud arises every time she brooms and the floor make acquaintance. You may dust every article of furniture, every book, every picture, you may take care to shake your duster out of the window, and your own clothes out in the yard; you may wipe all about the book-shelves and the floor with a damp cloth; and yet, after all, your labor, there will be dust. Dust flying in the air; dust settling on the books and tables; dust on the pictures, on the frames—dust, dust everywhere. It is discouraging.

Then think, perhaps, that 'tis because the room in which you sit is so large; you think that if you were in snuggest quarters, there would not be so much of this annoyance; you therefore move into a smaller apartment, but you are worse off now than you were before. You can't turn around quite, nor even have a sigh, without setting in motion ten thousand tiny particles of dust. You may sweep, you may dust, and dust, and dust all your arms full of, and the story will be always the same. Even out in nature, where the good sky rules the blue, thousands of miles from land, the dust gathers. Even in the mountains and lofty nooks the eagles and the marts and holycotes the ducks, the dust will gather, even amid the cold spray of the sea. It is everywhere. And it is useful, and there is any valid substance on which it can alight. Where it comes from, and why it comes, is a question which what sort of things are ever about us, and what sort of things we are.

"*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*" It is written on clothing, on wood, and iron, and steel, and on flesh, and it is on our faces. Dust! It is sad the changing and sifting back to its despised elements. Dust is going on before our eyes, it is doing that we look upon. Constantly—some suddenly, others with a slower waste, but certainly, all are hastening whence they came. The enough to make one fear the dust—to make one shrink from the solemn falling of the autumn leaves, and one's limbs, to read and understand their language. This language is all of decay and change, of earth, the grave, and worms; of darkness, forgetfulness and despair. This, if one cannot look from dust to dust, and not, take hold upon the eternal life.

Be cheerfully and purely should we step through the world, did we but read, as we walk, all that is written for our admonition and warning. If we go lastly, with careless eye and dumb heart, taking little head when we should be most studious, we shall not be able to see deep still to read the dark sayings written on ancient rocks, who yet are ever unfathomed, the plain language of the gathering dust.

A CHEAP MEAL FOR THE HARD TIMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK LEDGER :—By giving a receipt to the following in your valuable journal, I consider that you will be rendering a valuable service to many families who have to live economically on account of their slender incomes. I have used it in my own family for some time past, and find that it constitutes a very palatable, cheap and wholesome meal.

Take 2 lbs. Indian meal; 1 lb. of suet, chopped fine; a handful of salt; a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix well together, and pour over them water sufficient to soften the whole mass. After which pour on the whole one quart of cold water, and separate over it three quarters of a pound of flour, and stir it well. Divide into five puddings, putting them into floured cloths; tie them up *into boiling water*, and *boil full three hours*. This makes a cheap meal, and children will be glad to have to eaten hot, or left till cold, and then fried. Eat with syrup.

Cost—meal, 9 cents; suet, 10; flour, nil, soda, etc., 5—total, 25 cents. This will give a family of five persons a hearty meal, and is very nourishing.

Working-men, try it. Yours, respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

PRETENSION.

Many persons establish a reputation and influence by mere pretension. They pretend to know everything, and to be sagacity. By obtaining a reputation of almost every subject, an impression of thorough knowledge is easily given, especially if good use of pretension is made by the brought into use. But this outer covering can be easily seen through by the practiced observer. It is but little real pleasure they enjoy after all; for while assuming the air of superiority and feeling the pleasure of power, they must feel at the same time the meanness of the deception, and the contempt which men have for those who practice it.

THE CLOSE OF A DAY.—What a sad thing is a ball as it draws to the close! what an emblem of life at a similar period! How much fruitless has failed! How much has been neglected! How many illusions are dissipated! How many dreams that the morning light has dissolved and melted into like the spirits, with the first beam of sunlight! The close of a ball resembles a beautiful picture of a clock whose dooms asleep no painter could have copied, looks pale, wan, and haggard; the beauties have left the ground, the gentlemen, the music where are they? Only to be found where youth—gold, lavish, joyous, and chastity youth—adieu itself to beauty.

A COMMISSIONER of a colonizatory suggests that the parade of the bones of the Academy of Music skeleton at the opening of the season, with the appearance of the place "charmingly pleasing." We think it would be considered by the company. If the audience is not green enough, bring on the paint-pots!

SUNSET LOVE.

The fountains centre, and you see Clouds they show;
Stars shine all night, though sunbeams by day;
And so, though you are seen to grow
And shadows move, although they seem to stay;
Yet in the winter is the hidden treasure
And love lives most when love most seems to.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.—Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and delightful do they make life! Every day is filled to made light by them, and every load of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is mad, and overwhelmed at the contemplation of the trifling kindness drives away despair, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

AN ORIENTAL PROVERB.—You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING A PERSON CHEERFUL.—Do everything in its proper time; keep everything in its proper and; and put everything in its proper place.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—SUITABLE EXTRACTED FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

WAGS and wits are hanged that others may enhance their somewhere to bring light to others. Their place, their gambols, their flashes of wit, and their lives are sacrificed to the public good. Such we feel or we many return, which, the above-mentioned, we have been, and in the matter some and the sentiment of the public mind. Such, then, is the case, that to make old Time forget us. The fate to which a man of wit has been destined, and the excuse to the fame for the sentiment has thread. He finds it his joke to be always joking; his remark and his witty-world reputation for wit—and, how just do become he cannot digest; so many good things have gone into his mouth that he cannot digest any more. He is, then, up, worn out, supersaturated, he is left to digest, if he can, his own indigestion, he is taken by the hand by no one but the grot, and he by solitary confinement with the grim monarch, death. As old Joe says, "Everybody if I be very like to say, is a sad thing, but an old joker is a much sadder thing."

A SINGLE VICE, thrown aside before mourn out, is often reclaimed; but a single virtue, once lost, can be still retain. Heaven, it is said, rejoices over one penitent sinner more than over ninety and nine that have need of it. But it is not written that over sin, by which we have been sanctified.

A SUPERFICIAL writer, speaking of the fishes without eyes in the recesses of the Mammoth Cave, says that they are blind and have been so for ages. Blind as it always are unnecessary to give what is not needed. But is it not possible to suppose that the fishes have been blind and not for ages in profession even down to the present time, and that they have been so from the beginning?

A SUPERFICIAL writer, who performed his functions badly, boasts in a publication that he—at least understands his business, and it is on the strength of that fact. He maintained his operations, extracted from the public much of the money necessary to keep his family, educate himself and an accomplice—and, unpremeditatedly, proved that he was not in every way the equivalent to his fee.

UNLESS is an advantageous stimulus in the world. Many a man owes his success to the spur of the word beauty, the reflection of the soul, is an exposure to vanity, and the stamen falling on the leaf of the rose, is a will as worshipers, however unadorned the shrine whereon they bow down. Let us not, then, be too severe on the vanity.

It may be doubted whether vice is so effectually repressed by the fear of the future as by immediate punishment. Men are not deterred from crime by the reflection that the devil; for some can doubt the existence of the fear of the gallows, and the fear of the gallows, and the fear of the gallows, and

A LESSON.

BY ALICE CARY.

Not long ago I went astray in the woods
The autumn grieves,
And wash the drying up of the bright floods
Of summer leaves.

The rose had drawn the golden curtain of the sun
Round her head,
And, taking of her pretty, running drone,
Had gone to bed.

And, while the wind went rustling through her bower
To do her haste,
She lay and slept away the frosty hour,
All cold and waste.

The little bird that came when May was new
And sang her lay,
Has dropped her head in her double head into
Her cabin nest.

Then, sitting down beneath a naked tree,
I looked about—
Saying, in theme, if there's a lesson in,
I'd say it out.

And next presently the teaching that was meant
I thought I saw—
That I, in trust, should patiently consent
To God's great law.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PURSUIT, AND ITS RESULT.

"Poisoned!" repeated the surgeon, placing his hand upon Philip's cold, clammy brow. "There is no mistake about it!"

"Send for Jacks!" the invalid murmured, feeling that his faithful servant would be the best assistant in this extremity.

A messenger was at once dispatched for the negro, but he quickly returned with the intelligence that Jacks was very sick, and had been so ever since dark."

"Jacks sick!" gasped Philip. "Then——O! O!——"

The exquisite pain in his throat and stomach deprived him of the power of speech, and with a look of agony he gazed up into the doctor's face, as though he would beg of him to lift this matter to the bottom.

But the surgeon had enough to do for the present, and, seeing that some further prolongation might be made which would agitate his patient more still, he gave orders that no one should be admitted until he gave permission; at the same time promising that he would attend to Jacks as soon as he could.

After this he prepared a powerful emetic, and administered the potion to each of the ill. In ten minutes another dose was given, but it was not until the third dose had been drank that vomiting was produced. In the course of an hour and a half the doctor was satisfied that the system of his patient was as thoroughly cleansed as could be done by emetics, and having prepared and administered a copious draught of mucilaginous preparation, composed of barley-water and sugar, he got the microscope and examined what had been the contents of Philip's stomach.

"It is poison," said Willett, who had come to see the youth.

"Yes—not a terrible poison, too. Fortunately I have seen cases of just such poisoning among some of my Oneida patients. The poison which Mr. Lansing took was a sort of cooling fungi which the Indians gather from cither nightshade or the strong, scented lobelene. Of all the poisonous fungi I ever heard of this is the most powerful and fatal. But how much of that full-dance did you eat?" the doctor asked of Philip.

"Not much. It had a bad taste—the berries seemed hurt by those foul worms that feed on it, be?"

"Ah—that's the reason of your not being worse. Had you eaten a few spoonfuls more you would in all probability have died, for the poison must given in large doses acts rather upon the narcotic principle. It is a narcotic-acrid poison, and, like most others of its class, acts on the system in small potions; and as a narcotic in large ones. But I think you are safe now. You may think of this mouthful as much as you please; and meantime I must go and see the surgeon."

But the good physicians found Jacks beyond all danger. The dose of poison given him had been so exceedingly generous that it acted as he even antidote—like greenbrier, o'erleaping itself—and, with the exception of a little nausea and draught of herb-tea, it had rebelled in its confinement, and left the premises. A little of the same kind of drink had been prepared for him, and he was assured that he would soon be well. The doctor examined the wretched man, and, as he could find no fungi present in masses, so that not over half of what he had take had any effect whatever.

When the doctor left Jacks's quarters he returned to Philip, whom he found much easier in body, but very uneasy in mind.

"Doctor," he cried, starting up to a sitting posture, "what is all this about the flash in the fire? What has happened?"

"Pooh! pooh! never you mind, my dear fellow. Sit down and get some rest," returned the surgeon, persuasively.

"Do down!—Rest!" replied the youth, vehemently. "How can I rest under such circumstances? Something more than common has happened. What was the matter with Jacks?"

The good old man saw that his patient was too eager and determined, to be put off, and he finally concluded that it would be better to tell him the truth than have him excited with suspicion, though he wished to conceal what he could.

"Jacks, I think, must have got hold of some of the same poison that you ate. May it not have been in the berries? They may have grown near the fatal fungi, and become deeply impregnated with its qualities."

Philip gazed into the speaker's face a few moments, and then, while a look, half of bitterness, dwelt upon his pale features, he said—

"Doctor—look me in the eye! Do you think we use those berries by accident? Don't you know that they were given to us designedly? Don't you know that James Sterbird and his two sons are at the bottom of this? Go, sir—go at once—and have them arrested——this—here comes the colonel!—Colonel Willett, will you have these Sterbirds arrested immediately?"

The commandant, who had come in while the youth was speaking, did not reply at once, but gazed inquiringly at the surgeon.

"Oh! Look ye!" exclaimed Philip, out of all patience, "do you think you can keep a man ignorant of that which he already knows? I only ask you for explanation. Will you first, however, have these fiends arrested?"

"So say," returned the doctor, smiling, "you shall know all. If I have sought to keep you in ignorance it was that you might not be rendered unnecessarily uneasy and nervous. You may tell him what you please, colonel."

"Aye," resumed Philip, with renewed energy "tell me. But first—will you have these men arrested?"

PHILIP LASCEY INFORMED OF ISABEL CARLTON'S ABDUCTION.

"Because," answered Philip, again springing to a sitting posture, and speaking almost furiously, "that was not their mission! *Where is Isaac Carlton?*"

The youth's eyes flashed, and the great cords of his arms and neck worked like masses of ropes.

"I'm sure that is more than I can tell," returned the commandant, mildly, and in a common-place tone.

"Where is my father?"

"What do you want of him?"

"You TRAITOR!" shouted Philip, excitedly, and with deep feeling.

"Look ye, my dear Philip," returned the colonel, sitting down by the bedside, and gently patting the invalid back upon his pillow, "I had hoped this might be kept from you until you were stronger; but you need not send for your father, I assure you. Stop—We have sent out a hundred and fifty men, and if she is to be found they will find her. As soon as your father knew that the three men had deserted, he hastened of once to Isabel's chamber, where he knocked until he was assured he could gain no answer, and then in went he. Old Philip was there, but no sound asleep that she had to be wrought out of doors ere she could be awakened; and even then it was not accomplished until quite a liberal quantity of pepper had been blown up her nose. When she finally came to her senses so as to remember what had happened, she said that the last she saw of her sole-treas was as she got into bed. She said they were both so sleepy that they could hardly keep their eyes open. And from the rough treatment which the old woman received before she could be aroused, she was readily led to think that the negroes must have been carried away very easily without being startled from her deep sleep."

"Gone!" groaned the youthful patriot, wringing his hands in agony. "Oh! the villains! I've kept his oath! But tell me how Phillis knew how this was done! how the sleeping potion was administered!"

"She says she remembers of seeing Theodore Sterbird in the kitchen, toying with the bowl of sugar. She says he ate a few morsels after it was drawn, so as to some head she was toasting, she thinks the young rascal must have put the drug into the beverage, as she saw him come from that direction soon after."

"Oh, the villains! Why didn't I take Jocko's advice! By my soul, I'll never set up my own self, founded on consciousness of what others know as much as I, against his again! I had I listened to him this night not have thought of——"

"But how could you have prevented it?"

"Why, easily. Jocko proposed that we should engage four more men, in whom we and secrecy we could trust, and not allow either of the Sterbirds to take a single mouthful of refreshment. But it's too late now! Oh! have you sent out good men? Will they report themselves to the colonel, and feel an interest in the result?"

"Fear you on that account," returned Willett. "There is not a brave man in the fort who would not risk his life to save that fair girl. They will find her, I am sure. Plenty of the parties are mounted, and fifteen of them have taken one road and fifteen another, while the balance have gone in various directions."

"But how much start did the villains have?"

"Just about half an hour, perhaps a little over. As soon as the call was missed as summer seven, the sergeant of the guard learned of the fact, and when he found the sentry gone, men were at once sent in pursuit. Fifteen minutes from that time, the absence of the two young men, and also of Isabel, was discovered, and then more parties were sent out. Keep up a good heart. We'll hear news from them before many hours are gone."

Philip replied that he was very weak, and that this excitement was working upon him; so he tried to think that he should be benefited by a back, and, resting upon this, he lay his head back, and closed his eyes.

Morning came, and the sun arose, and some of the parties returned, but they brought no news of the deserters. However, as they came from the west, there was but little expectation of their want of success. Willett looked with more hope for those who had gone down the river.

At eight o'clock Philip arose, feeling quite well, saving the weakness consequent upon the shock his system had received. Jocko came in shortly after, looking thin and woe begone.

"Ah, mas'r—fly yer am a dreffal bad time!"

"Oh, Jocko, I wish I had taken your advice!"

"Ya—ya, dar's no use in talkin' 'bout dat. Your pickin's good as mine, only dis time I happened to be right. Dat's all, mas'r. But what d'ye tink poor Miss Bella am now, eh?"

"Alas! I can't tell. I fear the men will not find her."

"Dar's no use in feelin' so till dey cum, mas'r. Mebbe dey'll find her. I hope so. An' if dem infernal, unconcerned, hypocritical villains is fetched back, I tink dey ye'll't dance very pertickler, eh tinks' holt oh one cend oh de rope. In course, dey'll be hanged."

"Of course they will."

"Dogs eat 'em! dey ort'er, dat's a fac. But how did dey git'em yere, mas'r?"

"Did you get any berries for me last night?"

"Yes, mas'r."

"Then they did it. The poison was in just such stuff as you administered to me. But how did they manage with you?"

"Dogs eat 'em!" Jocko put to it to me de chicken head dat I asked dem and dem my dinner. Ole Pomp say de mornin' he see Frederee hook'n round my locker for night-shirt supper."

"Hark!" uttered Philip, as Jocko ceased speaking. "There are horses! They are from down the river!"

With a tremulous step the young man arose and rushed to the door. Jocko saw that he was overtaking his frailty, and he interfered.

"Stop, mas'r. Let me go. You no tan't strong enough. You can't stand it."

Philip sank in his shaking under him, and his knees knocking together, and after a moment's hesitation he returned to his seat.

"Go, and see what is the matter, I'm said, as he sank down. "I should think they might have been found."

"Dat depend 'pon how dey went. I 'spose dem soldiers will keep back so dey can't come, oh course dey isn't collected."

"But we would have overtaken them, Jocko."

"Who, mas'r? Dey gwine to ride? Dey was pooty good men, some oh 'em, what went arter Miss Bella, but dey hadn't any hab eatin' for a leade."

With this Jocko went out. Philip waited a few minutes, and then arose again to his feet. His anxiety knew no bounds. Weak as he was—almost unable to stand, and quivering at every nerve, he determined on ascertaining for himself that moment been opened, and Jocko made his appearance.

"Ah, mas'r, set ole down. You is shakin' like a purple bird. Keep a good heart, my dear mas'r—keep up a good heart, for——"

"She is safe Jocko! She is safe!"

"Yes—yes sir! Jocko he good enuff in a berry few days to set off arter her; an'——"

"How! Not found? Speak—tell me!"

"Yes is, mas'r. Dey hasn't found her?"

"But they are sent there to come?"

"No. Dey cum ob 'em hab cum back, an' not a ting hab dey sead 'em Miss Bella or any oder gal. Dey turnal round, an' dey sead, 'my down yander 'pon de flats,' an' some oh 'em my dey went back to de fort. Little Dead, what Pole Gammon like."

"And no Isabel?"

"No. But when you ort'er! I is——"

Jocko ceased speaking, for he saw that his master was growing more and more pallid in look. The blow had fallen upon the poor youth as fells the heavy stroke of the lumbering hatchet. Every nerve had been strained to its utmost in anticipation of the news from the pursuit, and consequently when it came it fell with a blow that snapped the strained cord asunder, and Philip Lascey sank insensible into the arms of his faithful attendant.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE HEART'S CONFLICT.

When Isabel Carlton felt the strong pain in the back and breast, and there was a sense of tightness about her head, as though something heavy were pressing upon it, she opened her eyes, and found the light shining into her room; but her limbs were heavy, and she allowed them to droop again. Finally she aroused herself, and called for "Phillis." She repeated the call several times, but there was no answer. At length she started up, and looked over to where she expected to find her old servant; but the partial black face was not there, nor was her bed there either. And—there was a carpet on the floor! She turned her gaze about her—she was in a strange room! It was larger than her own chamber, and had square windows. She could not remember of having changed her apartment. Surely she went to bed in her little attic on the night before. Ay—she remembered it well. She remembered how sleepy she was—how she even fell asleep in her chair—how Phillis and helped her up—and how she thought it curious that both she and her attendant should be so drowsy. What could it mean?

Ah—it was only a dream. Yet, surely, She had dreamed very much like it. So she lay down and closed her eyes again, and, under the influence of the opium, which had not yet lost all its power, she sank into a gentle slumber.

When she awoke again she remembered her dream, and thought how real it had all seemed.

"Phillis," she said in an ordinary key. "Phillis," she repeated more loudly. "PHILIS!" rather energetically.

What could it mean? She rose to a sitting posture, and gazed around again. The same dream? No—This must be real! This is the very same apartment she was in before. There is no Phillis, nor is there any bed for Phillis. There is a carpet on the floor, and there are three windows. Has!—and from one of the windows, from which the curtains are drawn, she looks out upon stately linden trees, and away upon cultivated meadows!

The maiden's mind had not yet settled into a decided fear, for wonder and surprise were too strongly upon her. There was no such room in her house. There were three such trees on the meadowsn It was strange—passing strange. She arose and went to the window. She looked down into a wide yard, and off to a large barn with red doors. Beyond the yard was an orchard, and by the call was a tall well, with its sweep curved in long sweep. Was there a seat in one of the green trees? She thought she saw such a thing—and—with a back to it! Yes! And was there a white house on a green grass? She started away from the barn! She went to another window to see. Yes—there it was, with its old-fashioned fan-light over the front door!

A fulsomes came over her, and a deep groan escaped from her lips. Her head was like lead, so full. She had been three once with her father, a year before he died, and spent several days.

"Ah! the villainy of Nathan Bradlecook!"

And yet it could not be. Why—Bradlecook's house was miles from the fort! Surely she never went to bed in the little attic of the officers' quarters! Yet—yet—Oh! The horrible truth dawned upon her, more deeply she became involved in doubt and anxiety. For a moment she even thought of death, of enchantment, and of evil spirits. She gave one more glance over the familiar objects, and fainted. Her head fell upon the bed.

Again, as she rested upon the couch, she felt the pain in her back—a sort of rheumatic affliction of the spinal cord—and the pain in her breast. Then she noticed the bandage upon her brow, with a dull, heavy feeling over her eyes; and there was a sort of dull, benumbing sensation in the region of stomach, also.

Isabel rested not long in lethargy her mind down to reason, and she commenced upon three propositions.—*First*—She was most assuredly awake. *Second*—She was in the house of Nathan Bradlecook. *Third*—On the night before she went to bed she had been with old Brigadier's wife.

From these she went to reasoning upon a few facts that came to her memory. She remembered that Philip had warned her of the suspicious circumstances attending the advent of the Sterbirds; that Philip's story had shaken her faith in them. Then she soon arrived at the truth. She must have been most effectually stupefied by a powerful opiate, and brought hither while asleep. It seemed impossible, but yet it must be so.

Isabel sat and tried hard to reason in doubt as to her whereabouts, for her door was opened, and a middle-aged woman made her appearance. She was a tall, ugly-looked woman, and she was unpleasant, though she possessed a firm, decided expression which commanded confidence.

"Ah—my lady is awake," the new-comer said, as she met Isabel's gaze.

"I am awake," returned the maiden, sitting up. "And will you tell me where I am?"

"Surelin. But don't you know? Did'n't ye know ye was at the house of Squire Bradlecook?"

"How came I here?—Why—what a question! Didn't I promise here just as the day was a-peepin'?"

"I don't know, I am sure," Isabel returned; and having gazed into the woman's face a few moments, she added, in an imploring, prayerful tone, made touching by its deep sadness—

"Come here. Will you tell me your name?"

"My name is Rachael Dunday," said the stranger; "and my husband's name is Samuel Dunday. He's now ye'ahes."

"Yes—I remember him," returned Isabel. And then reacting forth her hand she took the hard palm of Mrs. Dowder within her gentle grasp, and continued—

"I presume I am to remain here—perhaps for a long time. If you will be so kind as to tell me——"

"Well—that be summat dependin' upon what ye mean by kindness. If ye mean by 'it' to let ye run off, I mustn't be so kind as ye'd wish."

"O—I mean no such thing, my good woman. I only wish you to be so kind to me and others as my friend—kind as one is whom I can feel that I have sympathy and good will."

"Well—I'll be all o' that, me lady. I'll be all o' that, surlin."

"Thank you. And now can you not tell me how I came here?"

"Are ye fain? Ha' ye come the matter o' forty mile, an' done how ye coom'd?"

"I have not the most remote idea. I went to bed last night in Schuyler's Fort, and when I awoke the first time after lying down I found myself here."

"I doon," said the woman, shaking her head, and looking rather suspiciously upon the girl before her. "But them as knows moost tell ye about it. I can't. But I 'a' coom to see if you want to dress. Here be yer clothes, as they were brought wi' ye."

Isabel gazed around and saw her garments upon a chair by the bed. They were the same she had taken off the night before, with the addition of her hood and shawl.

"Ah! mother you'll like some breakfast?" Mrs. Dowder pursued.

"Not much. I do not feel well. I should like a little warm drink."

"Anything ye want," me lady."

Being on what ye have in hand, then."

With this the woman departed, and Isabel arose; and having adjusted her dress and looked at the washstand she found at hand, she proceeded to dress. She was sure now that a powerful opiate had been given her, and as her mind became settled upon this point she began to realize her situation. She had finished dressing, and had taken a seat by the window, and for the first time she gave all her thought to the fearful change that had taken place in her position of habitation.

labored to keep back. And she succeeded. The tears did not burst forth as they had threatened, and the rising sobs which so pained and racked the swelling bosom, was quelled ere they could find utterance.

After this Isabel became more calm and composed, and ere she was disturbed by visitors, she had fully determined upon her course of action, and brought her resolution to her support. She had for long years known that she must be the wife of Guy Bradbrook if he claimed her hand; and, as she believed the appointed time was very soon to come, she considered it only foolish to resist, or to even hope for escape. And, further, if she was to become Guy's wife, what could she gain by being unpleasant and moody towards him? She knew too well that she could never be happy or pleasant before him, for she had no power deep enough to overcome the mighty grief that must ever dwell in her soul, while Guy was the master of her hand and fortune. Yet she could be calm and obedient, and treat him with dignified respect. She could do no more; but even that would insure her against harsh treatment, and lead the dissipated youth to treat her well.

So Isabel Carlton arose, calm and determined. The smile had gone from her face—she whispered to herself—"*perhaps forever!*"—but then she looked forward into the years to come, and thought that, in the fullness of time, God might give her a charge to love and cherish. It was a strange source of hope, but in that dark hour Isabel seized upon it, and it gave her new strength. In that time yet far off, she might have something upon which to fasten her pure affections, and give life to the deep love which, until then, must lie dormant and objectless within her bosom—something which should bear her own image, and which she would fashion for Good and for God!

Hark!

There were footsteps upon the stairs. They were not Rachel's—they were too heavy!

With one mighty effort the maiden overcame the last visible emotion which her great grief had called to life, and calmly seating herself by the window, she awaited the coming of the visitor. She was not mistaken, for as the door was opened, her gaze rested upon the triumph-wrought features of Guy Bradbrook!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"WHO COMES THERE?"

There was a defiant shade mingling with the triumph upon Guy's face, but it quickly passed away as he noticed the calm look of resignation upon Isabel's features, and gradually the whole expression of his countenance changed. He advanced to the center of the room, and with a struggling smile, he said—

"Good morning, Isabel."

"Good morning, sir," she returned, unable to hide the slight tinge of reproof which was manifest in her tone.

"You find yourself in rather more comfortable quarters than you have had of late," the young Tory resumed, drawing a chair out in front of the table by the side of which Isabel was sitting, and sinking into it.

"They are larger and more airy, and perhaps I might find them as comfortable, if I had my good old servant with me."

"Well—perhaps we can find her for you. At all events, we'll try."

After a few moments' silence, Guy resumed—

"You must have been surprised to find yourself here this morning."

"I was, sir—very much so."

"Ha, ha, ha—I don't wonder. Only think:—Five-and-thirty miles' sail in a boat, and nearly eight more in a wagon, and yet sleeping soundly all the while. You sleep like the 'sleep of ages,' my dear."

Had Isabel not known the fellow's character, and hence pitied him for his folly, she might have been provoked to some quick reply by this coarse allusion to the foul plot of which she had been made the victim. But she rather pitied him for his weakness, and if further feeling was awakened, it was of contempt, rather than of anger.

"I suppose you wonder how you came here, don't you?" Guy asked, as he found that the maiden did not reply to his last remark.

"Yes, sir—I do. It has puzzled me exceedingly."

"Well—you came in your sleep."

"But how?"

"Why—my kind friend, who has been on duty for me for the past six or eight weeks—Ha, ha, ha—only think of my having three sentinels posted in the Rebel camp. But they did their work well. *You*, my dear, took a strong dose of Indian hemp—I think that's what they call it. At any rate, it is something that makes folks sleep finely. You took a nice lot of it in your tea last night. Don't suppose you mistrusted anything out of the way when you drank your tea—eh?"

"Nothing in particular," returned Isabel. But she remembered of saying to Phillis that her tea tasted rather strong.

"Well," continued Guy, in a light, careless tone, "you had a good sleeping potion in your tea, and the result was, that you were brought from your chamber and carried to the river side, where a boat was in waiting for you, with myself and four stout oarsmen in it. Then you were pulled down the stream about as swiftly as a boat can be rowed, to Johnstown, then taken into a wagon and brought up here, and all without once waking up. A party of horsemen from the fort passed us just west of the Flats, but we heard them coming, and pulled up under the shade of the thick wood upon the opposite side, and they didn't see us. In an hour or two they came back, and we did the same thing again. I suppose you would have been better pleased had they found us and carried you back with them to the fort, eh?"

"You have no right to suppose what my feelings are, sir, so long as I give you no cause for such supposition," retorted the fair girl, with dignity.

"Aha—coming round, eh? But say," the young reprobate cried, with sudden energy, "do you mean that you won't try to run away from me? Say."

Isabel hesitated ere she gave an answer to this question. She was not prepared for it. But finally she replied—

"I can make no promises to you, sir. You know the promise I gave my father. That I mean to keep, if I must."

"If you must? What do you mean by that?" asked Guy.

"I mean this," answered our heroine, promptly: "If, at the time set by my father, we both live, and you claim my hand, I shall not withhold it!"

"*If we both live!*" repeated the youth. "Perhaps," he added, with much bitterness, "Philip Lancey means that I shall not live!"

Isabel could not restrain the quick answer that sprang to her lips.

"Philip Lancey, sir, is not the cowardly assassin to murder a fellow creature in cold blood! nor could his noble soul descend to the thought of seeking your life in any way!"

Guy Bradbrook cowered before the bold girl, and his frame shook with mingled shame and anger. But he dared not urge her to further remark on the subject, so, swallowing his rage with a bitter effort, he remarked—

"Well—I suppose you think you know him; but it matters little to me. *I—don't—think*—he'll hurt me!"

Why did he speak in such a strange tone, and with such marked and peculiar emphasis? Isabel started as the words fell upon her ear, and a terrible fear shot through her heart.

"What do you mean?" she whispered. "*Have you murdered Philip Lancey?*"

"What a little fool you must be?" uttered the wretch, gazing sharply into her face. "Do you think I could do such a thing?"

"Why act the hypocrite, sir? Do you think *I* am blind? I am well aware that you would take Philip Lancey's life at any moment on which the opportunity should offer! I speak plainly, sir, that you may know we understand each other!"

Isabel was fast running away with her resolution to keep upon the good-natured side of her persecutor. But then she found it impossible to rest under his coarse flings. It was not wholly the words he spoke, nor was it wholly the ugly, lying face he wore, nor was it wholly the past, so full of crime and wickedness, as it came back to her memory; but it was all three combined that led her to say the things that escaped from her lips.

Guy grew as pale as his dark and bloated features would allow, and his frame shook with passion, and his passion led him to make a fool of himself, and "bite his own fingers off."

"Aye!" he cried, while his eyes flashed, and his nether lip quivered, at the same time bringing his clenched fist down upon the table with a force that set the breakfast dishes a-dancing, "I would kill him! I'd kill him as quickly as I'd kill any other snake that I found coiled up in my nest! Curses upon him! He—he—is—a—*he's dead now!* Aye—dead as the dirt that must cover him in a few short hours! The same hands that helped me to the fulfillment of one part of my oath, helped to the rest! He and his ape-imp are both past all help in this life!"

The words—the look—the tone—all assured Isabel that the villain was speaking the truth! She had hoped that Philip might live to be happy. She had not been prepared for this, and it came upon a frame already so weak and overtasked, both by excitement and by the powerful opiate she had taken, that it completely unnerved her. The terrible thought of Philip murdered—of poor, faithful Jocko murdered—was more than she could bear up under. She gazed into the mad speaker's face—she gasped, O! wretch!" and then sank down powerless and insensible!

"What a fool I've made of myself!" the scamp muttered to himself, as he dragged the inanimate form to the bed. "What in thunder did I tell her that for? If I'd kept it to myself, as I'd ought to have done, she might have been easy and agreeable. She showed a disposition to come 'round all right. What a tongue she's got! What's the use? She can talk as fast as I can."

And having wished that the individual generally supposed to be at the head of government in some far-off, sulphureous region, had possession of the poor girl, he turned from the bed and left the apartment, and in a few minutes Rachel Dowder came up.

Isabel soon returned to consciousness under the manipulations of Mrs. Dowder, but her head ached, and she felt badly. The terrible shock her nerves had received, coming upon the prostration already present, produced a severe fever, and Rachel determined to have the doctor. She went down and spoke with Guy, the old man being present.

"That sleeping stuff may have had some bad effect," said Guy.

"Yes—certainly," added his father. "Let the doctor be sent for at once."

Zebulon Beebe was ported off as soon as possible. The nearest physician was at Johnstown, but Zeb had a good horse, and the distance was not great.

In the meantime the old man and his son retired to a private room to discuss matters, while Rachel Dowder went back to look to her new charge.

"Well," commenced the parental Bradbrook, as he lighted his pipe by means of a small flint-and-steel contrivance, which ignited prepared punk, "the girl is under our hands once more, and we must contrive to keep her so. But tell me how it was all done. How did they manage it to get the girl?"

Guy explained the operation just as he had had it from the lips of James Starbird.

"And young Lancey?" pursued the old man, after his son had told how the girl was brought.

"He's dead long before this. There was poison enough put into his throat to kill three men—that is, if the Indian told us the truth."

"O—there's no mistake about its power. I have seen it operate upon a dog, and I assure you it does the work quickly and effectually."

"Then he and his hump-backed nigger are dead as can be."

"I am glad of that, for we shall have no more trouble now. We have tried hard enough, and I should think 'twas about time the work was done. The young Rebel won't perform any more of his wonderful feats at girl-stealing."

"No," returned Guy; and then, after a short pause, he added—"And now about the marriage. When would you have it come off?"

"Have you said anything to her about it?"

"Yes. Or, that is, she said what she meant to do. She said if we both lived, and, at the appointed time, I claimed her hand, she should give it to me. And she was honest, too."

"Then I think we'd better wait. It's less than a month, and there can be no danger, now young Lancey's out of the way. The holder of her property knows all about the arrangement, and if we force the marriage, he may try to make some trouble, though he would be obliged to give up the money. The pinch for which we wanted money so badly is over, and we can let it be until the twentieth of next month as well as not."

"I am perfectly willing," said Guy.

"Then we'll let it remain at that."

And thus the time of the marriage was set as Isabel's father had himself set it years before.

The physician arrived about noon, and before he saw his patient, Guy told him that she had taken a powerful opiate of Indian preparation on the night before. He found the poor girl suffering from a slight fever, but the cause of the fever, and the cause of all else of disease, was a state of intense nervous irritability. This occasioned severe headache, and pain elsewhere.

However, the doctor assured her that she would very soon recover if she was careful. He would ease her pain in a few hours, and have her up in two or three days. He left such medicines as he deemed proper, and promised to call again on the morrow.

Isabel saw no more of Guy for four days. The physician came only once after his first visit, and finding that she needed only rest and quiet, he left some simple strengthening and slightly stimulating medicines, and said he should not come again unless sent for. And he was not sent for, as the maiden began to gain at once, and soon recovered the steadiness of nerve she had lost.

On the first night after the visit of the physician Rachel Dowder made up her bed upon the floor in Isabel's room, but after that the maiden was left alone.

It was on the fourth night that our heroine felt that she had fully recovered her strength. She took tea that evening with the family below—with Mr. Bradbrook, and Guy, and the old house-keeper. Could she have put away the belief of Philip's death, she would have been far less miserable. She could have been calm and serene but for that, and have conversed without tremulousness or hesitation. But she could not be pleasant and agreeable now. Her heart was too heavy and sad.

The house-keeper to whom we have alluded was a widow lady, a few years past the first half-century of life, and her name was Hannah Gooley. She was a large woman; stern and portly; and though kind to all, yet never unbending to social trifling or little, happy smiles. Her watchword was, "DUTY!" her aim of life was "DUTY;" and her whole care—both in and out of the house, by night and by day—was the same. She lived that she might do her "*duty*."

As soon as supper was over Isabel returned to her room, and sat down by the window; but it was too dark to see anything without, so she drew her lamp toward her, and opened an old Bible which lay there. She read till nine o'clock, and then retired.

It may have been an influence from the good Book, or it might have been the result of the constant prayer which dwelt upon her lips, but as she lay, her head upon her pillow, she felt more calm and resigned than she had felt before since the moment when Guy had spoken those dreadful words. It was not a hope, but a sort of lifting of the heart from its deep gloom, and a falling of genial warmth upon the soul.

She said a fervent prayer, and gathered the clothes more closely about her, and then sank into a gentle slumber. How long she had slept she could not tell—it could not have been a great while—when she was aroused by a strange noise beneath her window. She started up to a sitting posture and listened. Presently the sound was repeated. It was as though something were being rubbed against the window-sill. Her first impulse was to call for assistance—her next to leap from her bed and rush from the room.

But as she grew more calm, and had time for reflection, she felt a strange hope leaping up from the throbbing heart. It might be robbers, for the valley was swarming with marauding parties of Indians and Tories, who robbed both friend and foe—or, rather, who knew no friends. If it were robbers she might be killed to secure secrecy. So she resolved to be prepared for flight if her fears were true. She arose, and drew on her robe, or wrapper, and having groped her way to the door, she noiselessly raised the latch; and thus prepared for a precipitate retreat, she turned her gaze towards the window, the curtain of which was looped aside, and through which the starry sky was visible.

Hark! There is that same noise again! And see!—There is a dark body between the sash and the starlit sky! It is a human head!

Should she remain or should she flee? Did she not feel sure that her friends were no more, that quickly raised hope might have been stronger. Quivering at every joint she stood there, with the latch raised, and the door ajar. The dark head and shoulders of a man were clearly defined, and he seemed to be searching for the lower rail of the sash.

Presently there came a low, grating sound, and a current of fresh air struck upon Isabel's face. The window was being opened!

"Oh, great God, direct me now!" she gasped; and her heart leaped as though it would burst the bonds of its narrow prison-house!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A STRONG TEMPTATION.

Isabel was faint almost to falling. She feared to remain—she feared to flee. If it should be an enemy she might be killed, and she might not. If it were a friend, however, and she fled, she would not only lose his intelligence but in all probability consign him to death, for the Tories would be sure to kill him if they arrested him. And yet she could not stand it much longer, for her strength was leaving her. The few seconds that had transpired since the raising of the sash, seemed so many full minutes to her.

Ha! hear that! 'Twas the blithe chirrup of a cricket! It woke upon the still air of the room clear and sharp. In a few seconds more it was repeated. Surely there was but one pair of lips could form that sound. The third chirrup came, and by that time the maiden's confidence was fixed. She had had opportunities to collect her scattered thoughts, and reason a moment. And that was enough. With a noiseless movement she glided to the window, and raised the sash high up.

"*Jocko!*" she whispered, tremulously, but joyfully.

"Aye, Missa Bella—it am Jocko. Hi-yak-yak! He come one't more tro' de winder!"

"—sh! Be cautious, for there may be enemies within hearing of my ordinary tone."

"Don't be afeared, missus. By de big jingo! I wouldn't s'pose ye to danger for my old brack head, wool an' all—sartin I wouldn't!"

"It isn't for myself, Jocko, that I fear, for they wouldn't harm me. It is for you."

"Now jus' you don't be afeared on my account, Missa Bella. By gosh, dey can't cotch dis child!"

By this time the negro was upon the floor within the room, and taking one of Isabel's fair hands in his own hard fingers, he said, as he raised it towards his lips—

"I may kiss it?"

"Yes, Jocko—with pleasure."

"Bress your noble, good heart. I'se prayed for ye, Missa Bella—I'se prayed to God for ye!"

"But tell me," the maiden whispered, in fearful accents, as though she dreaded to hear the answer, "*is Philip alive?*"

"Alibe an' well as ebber he war in de world, Missa Bella. What made ye tink ob dat?"

The poor girl could not answer at once. She clasped her hands, and murmured some incoherent thanks; but finally she became more calm, and returned—

"Oh! Guy told me you were both dead!"

"Aye, Missa Bella," rejoined the negro, quickly, "an' 'taint no good a' him dat we aint dead, boff on us. He tried hard enuff."

"Then he did mean to kill you?"

"Yes—an' he tinks, I s'pose, it am done. But his man didn't know jus' how to do it. He gib me too much pizen, an' he didn't gib massa enuff. I war orful sick, an' so war Mas'er Philip; but good, sly Phillis——"

"O—I remember now," interrupted the maiden. "Phillis told me you were sick, and that she'd been to help you; but I was so sleepy that I didn't lay it up in my memory as I might otherwise have done."

"Yes—I war mitey sick, but not a half so sick as mas'r war. I hasn't been able to be out till yesterday.

"Poisoned!" uttered Isabel, half to herself, with a fearful shudder. "Oh! what a heart he must have. And Philip came near dying?"

"Nearer 'n he'll ebber want to cum agin, I 'sure ye. De doctor took rite holt ob him, an' got de pizen all out ob him, or else he would hav' died, sartin suah."

"And the same men poisoned him who brought me away?"

"Sartin dey did. 'Twar dem infarnal Starbirds—dogs eat 'um!"

"O—I shall feel happier now that I know you are both alive. I have been very, very unhappy with the thought that you and your master had been murdered."

"Yes—I s'pose so. But mas'er wants to make ye more happy dan dat. I hab cum to tell ye so. Jus' a leetle way off dar be stout men waitin' for me; an' at de ribber dar be a boat. I ken take ye from dis yer place mitey easy, an' when ye is out ob doors you is safe. O—mas'r 'll be so happy when he sees yer sweet face agin."

What a temptation it was! One simple word, and she could be carried back to the fort—to Phillis—to her kind guardian—to the society of genial Patriots—and to—*Philip!* In spite of her former resolutions, there was a hesitation. Her sojourn thus far beneath that roof had been one of such intense misery and agony, that she shrank from the thought of remaining longer there, while her present wishes were alone in her mind. But the hesitation and the old resolution came back to direct her.

"Jocko," she said, "I am grateful—deeply grateful—but——"

"Hush, missus! Don't go for to sayin' dat. I 'sure ye 'twon't do. Mas'r nebber'll stand it. Ye mustn't send no sich word as dat."

"But I have given you no word, Jocko."

"Ah—yes ye did. Yer face spoke."

"But you cannot see my face."

"Yes, I can. De stars shine on it; an' den I can see wid my feelin's, too."

"Well, well—you must carry the word I send. Tell Philip— I shall trust you, Jocko."

"Missa Bella," said the negro, sententiously, "you know me—you hab seed me many long years—you hab tried me—you would be cruel if you could say—'Me not trust Jocko!'"

"I didn't mean that, Jocko. You misunderstood me," returned Isabel, sensibly affected by the generous fellow's show of feeling. "I meant that I was going to trust you, and I only said that in order that you might know that it was to be kept in your own bosom, your master's excepted."

"I know'd you couldn't mistrust me, missus."

"Surely not, Jocko. And now to the matter of which I was speaking: Tell Philip he may rest assured of my undying love. I can never love another. But I cannot come to him now. It would be only madness for me to do so. He knows that I must marry with Guy Bradbrook, if that person claims my hand at the time appointed by my father. And if I must do that——"

"Be Guy Bradbrook's wife?" uttered Jocko, in real alarm. "O! you don't mean dat! My salvation, Missa Bella, you don't mean dat!"

"Surely I do, Jocko, and Philip knows it!"

"He knows it? You be dat bad man's wife! Whar is your God?"

"He is directing me in the path of duty, Jocko."

"How you know?"

"I feel it."

"Ah—poor Jocko don't know much, but he lubs God too much to t'ink dat any such work ebber cum from his command. Be dat 'bominable man's wife! Missa Bella—don't!—Don't!—oh! if you is a gwine to find happiness in dis life, or peace ob soul in de next life, don't ye go for to t'row away yer pure self on sich a brack wretch. Ye've no right to do it—no more'n I hab to cotch leetle chil'n an' gib 'em to wild-cats, or pull up all de beautiful flowers an' burn 'em! Don't ye do it! Don't!"

There was a deep, touching solemnity in Jocko's tone and manner, which affected Isabel much, though of course it had no power to swerve her from her purpose.

"You do not understand my position, Jocko. I appreciate your kindness, but I cannot listen to your counsel. It was my father's dying command that I should wed with Guy Bradbrook, and I gave him my promise to that effect—that I would marry with him when I was nineteen years of age. My only object in fleeing to Philip heretofore, has been to avoid immediate marriage with Guy, which he had threatened, and—the hope—or, I should say, the possibility—that Guy might fall in some engagement, would free me from the sad bonds. But they will wait, now, until the proper time, so I can have no excuse. No, no, Jocko—I cannot go. Philip will understand it. Tell him they have promised not to make me a wife until the time appointed. "Oh! God knows how gladly I would go with you, but it could be of no use."

"But, Missa Bella——"

"Stop, Jocko. If you love me, urge me no more. It only makes me more unhappy, without doing anything towards the end you desire."

"Does it make you unhappy, missus?"

"In truth it does."

"Den I'll say no more. I is sorry—I could cry jus' as easy—easier'n I could stop cryin'. But you know best, I s'pose. And' now, in de words you hab giben me, what is for mas'r? What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him thus, Jocko: I shall be treated well here. They will not force me into marriage before the proper time. He knows my duty—it is as we have decided. He knows I love him, I shall pray for him—I shall pray for him while I have life and strength left. God bless him! Tell him—he will forget his exclusive love for me in time—he will find some one who will make him a faithful, loving companion. Tell him this—tell him to pray for me sometimes—to love me—to forgive me—I love him—love him always——"

Her voice broke, and sinking into a chair, she bowed her head upon her hands.

"Missa Bella! Oh! good, sweet, dear missus, you won't——"

"Hush, Jocko;—go and tell your master as I have said. Go—go. I can say no more."

"But—Missa Bella! Oh! if you would only—jus' dis once—jus' dis one time—for Mas'r Philip's sake—for your own sake—for ne sake ob de goodness ob de Lord—only jus' dis once if you would go wid me——"

"Mercy, Jocko! O—have some pity on me. You have my answer. Love me—spare me—and go!"

The faithful servant stood and gazed awhile upon the bended form before him, and a fierce contest was going on in his bosom. But finally the prayer of the poor girl overcame all else, and he started up, and placed his hand upon her bowed head.

"Good-bye!" he whispered, in choking tones. "I is a gwine! Good-by!"

"Good-bye, Jocko. God bless you!"

"I mustn't nebber cum arter ye agin?"

"It can be of no use, and would only serve to make me more discontented and unhappy. No, no, Jocko—don't come to urge me again, unless you should hear from me."

"But are you sorry I cum dis time?"

"Oh, no—no. Oh, no—this has been like the rising of a new sun to make a longer, brighter day of peace for me. You have brought a balm that has healed the most agonizing grief my soul ever knew. Jocko, I bless thee for this visit!"

"T'ank you, missus. Good-bye! I wont say no more. I wont ask ye to go away wid me any more. Good-bye!"

He hesitated a few moments; but the strong temptation, or desire, to urge the fair girl further was soon conquered; and he moved to the window.

Isabel head a murmured blessing—then the sound of feet upon the window-sill succeeded. There was a deep sigh—a groan of pain and disappointment came breaking upon her ear, but she dared not look up. Jocko was going—*going to Philip!* He was going to be with the noble ones among the pure-hearted and the brave—and she was to remain where she was!

Finally all was still. She looked up—and she was alone. She hastened to the window and gazed out. The stars were looking down upon the earth from their many eyes of watchful light, and the gentle breeze of night murmured a mournful strain through the leafy boughs of the tall lindens. She put her head out through the open casement, but she could see nothing of him who had just left her. She listened attentively, but not a sound from his footstepe could she hear. She closed the sash, and started to her feet.

"Oh, 'tis passed!" she ejaculated, clasping her hands, and sinking down upon her knees. "Great God, support me in this! Oh! I could not help it. Father—oh, Father—look down upon me if thou canst—if in thy spirit-life thou hast the power to touch my soul with thy will—if thou canst convey to a child of earth a thought of thine—then, oh! let me know that I have done my duty! Tell me—show to me—that in this terrible ordeal I have not sacrificed my happiness in vain—that in this fearful strait, which has broken my poor heart, I have done my dying father's will! Give to me this assurance, and God shall have the praise!"

She arose, and returned to her bed. For a while she wept, but at length she called to her aid the thought that Philip lived, and, with this one thing to be thankful for, she sank into a dreamy slumber.

When Isabel next awoke it was broad daylight, and the sun was shining into her room. She had been aroused by a noise beneath her window, and hastily arising she went and looked out, being careful to hold the curtain so that no one could look in upon her. She saw Guy and Zebulon Beebe. The former was in a towering passion, while the latter cowered before him.

"Did you not have orders to watch narrowly, and allow no one to approach the house after dark without knowing who it was?" cried the young Tory, fiercely. "I give you all day to sleep in, so that you may be on hand at night. And now look: Here are tracks here that were made last night, and the shoe that made them came from the Rebel fort! What were you doing?"

"I don't know. I may have fallen asleep," replied Zebulon. "You may a' given me all day to sleep in, but if you did you had me jumpin' for ye more'n two-thirds o' the day yesterday."

"Liar!" hissed Guy, at the same time giving poor Zeb a kick that made him whirl. "You could have slept if you wished. If you come loafing around here I shall surely set you at work. Now clear out! Out with ye!"—Another kick, accompanied by a volley of oaths—"You'll be on the watch no more for me! I believe you know who's been here, you lying scamp!"

Thus speaking, Guy turned and entered the house, and Zebulon Beebe stood and watched him as he went. Isabel saw his lank face grow terribly dark, and she saw him clench his long, bony hands. And then, in a hoarse, maddened tone, but yet too deep and powerful for a mere passing passion, she heard him say—

"O! Guy Bradbrook, the day of reckoning is coming! Go on—pile up your cruelty and your foul wrongs—for they'll all help to make my revenge the more sweet! God banish me forever from life and sense if I don't drink deep of vengeance ere you pass from my power!"

With this Zebulon Beebe turned and strode from the yard, and Isabel returned to the bedside, and prepared to dress. She had just made the movement when her door was opened, and Rachel Dowder looked in.

"Did you want anything, Rachel?" the maiden asked, as the visiter started to turn away without speaking.

"No—Only wanted to—to—see—if a—to see if ye were here this fine morning," the woman returned, much perplexed for an answer.

But Isabel understood it. She saw it all very plainly; and she allowed Rachel to depart without questioning her further. She knew that Guy had discovered the footsteps of her sable visitor, and as they were beneath her window he had sent up to satisfy himself that she was safe.

Once more came the wish that she had fled with good Jacko; but the emotion was quickly banished, and when she was ready to descend to breakfast she was calm and collected.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

NEVER GET ANGRY.

It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves him to see that he has been a fool; and he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others, too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbor, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in the same state of mind as if they were living next to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything "goes by contraries," will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the grounds more productive, the markets more favorable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged in at all?

THE SONG OF THE SHOE-BLACK.

I was born—I was bred—in the midst of the dirt,
With nothing for sustenance, and rags for a shirt;
I'd never a father, and as for my mother,
She never was either from one day to other.

My "birthday baby" was swearing and dirt;
My earliest recollection a mouthful of grit.
Directly I'm able to move on my feet,
To pick up a living, I'm turned on the street.

I'm hungry, and often in want of a meal;
So, of course, I must work, or beg, borrow, or steal.
But work there's no getting, for none will employ
A drunken and parentless vagabond boy.

I must work companions—there's flowing Green Ink
Quite near enough often to give me a wink.
Then home—There's no home anywhere, over the way;
Take the cold from outside—there's nothing to pay.

I do as he tells me; he tells me, with joy,
He's glad to have found such a promising boy.
And so without matter I keep close to his side;
He thinks I shall make a good hand at a sell.

So he trains me at once in a kind-hearted way,
With a hand rather black, and a mob very bad,
Who spend on a nothing, and make—spend like mad!
And asks if there isn't any more to be had.

The answer I answer, with this thing, or that,
Though my sense knows not, and to swearing is hot
Though how I swear pretty for such things that pour
To the gent with the beard and the cloak in the door.

The gamut is great, every grade I have run,
But never gets the trouble, and also gets the pay;
That it comes, very soon, as a pleasant relief,
To be said for three months as a juvenile thief.

When tray'd out of prison—the income is cold—
I'm sent to the country, and there I am told
If I mind me I'll get—there's nothing I mean—
At least the whole end of the rest of my life.

At first when I go there I'm ready to learn;
I turn off my gas, and the teacher I'll fee;
But as nothing their manner appears to perceive,
I very soon find there's no end to the fun.

The lessons they teach me, I try and repeat,
But my voice, as I tell them, is somewhat off key;
They ask if I'll work; I answer—Of course!
If I'm fed for a Christian, I'll work like a horse.

So they give me a hoe, and of brushes a set,
And a basket of victuals—everyone I'll forget.
And start me in life in the polishing trade,
By which, some, a good living by me have made.

And often my memory carries me back,
Contrasting my spoiled to the other that is;
I think how the dirt might have stuck to me still,
For what's all their hard working and skill?

So, home at times who are on the alert
Discover my place in the vile city's dirt,
And come from the rattlings through which we have past
To cool, like a potato, in a police cell.

There is nothing so black, but, if pains we bestow,
With something like soundness will speedily glow;
And, though dirt is the trade, if within it I'm set,
We may wash, very soon, to respectable show.

THE SISTERS;

OR,

FAITHFUL PROMISES.

BY GEORGIANA HIBBERT.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, and—verily thou shalt be fed."

Amanda and Mary Perry were the only and beloved children of parents comparatively in middle life. The little girls were both of active and intelligent minds and fair promise, and the gift of beauty in quite an uncommon degree. Their fond parents, proud of their daughters, chose a name that had way to manifest their affection. All that their means would allow, and even more, was done to educate and handsomely dress the pretty ladies of the household.

Amanda and Mary were both of affectionate and engaging manners and disposition, but there was a radical difference in their characters. Amanda was selfish and self-willed, while Mary was rather yielding, and of a most generous and disinterested nature.

Certainly she had much less to contend with, and it was to her much easier to be good, than it was for her sister.

Wise and kind kind parents, upon seeing the faults of their children, and those tendencies which require to be early checked, would have pointed them out to their subjects, and have conversed with the most diligent attention, so aid in the work of self-improvement; but they neither saw nor would did so much thing. Their course rather tended to foster and almost doubly strengthen that was evil in both their daughters. With Mary this influence was easily checked; for in her affections your she experienced a change which placed her under the view of life, and all its interests and attractions. The fair young maiden became a confirmed invalid, and henceforth her best love was not given to any object of earth. She said every hour in her power to influence her sister to enter the way of peace where she was walking; but Amanda had no wish for save the spiritual things of this world. Her vanity was growing rapidly, having abundance of nourishing food. But as yearly rewards that her sister was so changed, and many an unkind word and act told of the hardened feelings Mary bore all patiently, for she dearly loved her sister. She tried to deal at once faithfully and kindly with the wayward girl, but was unable to grow worse and worse as her sister grew better. Years passed, and when Amanda was about twenty-one, nearly seventeen, the sisters found themselves established upon a handsome estate of a large city. Work was sought and found, and for two years the two maintained themselves quite comfortably. But Amanda constantly repined at the comforts of their altered lot. She rendered herself perfectly miserable and greatly unfitted for the duties of life. The latter kept her faith undimmed and her love warm. She herself was happy notwithstanding, having her poverty and daily toil, had it not been for the murmuring of her sister. And even with all there was days in the recesses of dear Mary's heart, peace which nothing could take away. It was not her own but Christ herself good, or worthy of the love of her Father and Friend; no, no—far from it. Mary never had such a love even in its worst, but the thought that was as balm and joy to her soul was this, "I have given myself freely and most thankfully and fully to Him. He is faithful. His conditions are, and that I shall be perfect, that I shall trust in Him, which I do, implicitly."

Meanwhile times grew darker and darker with the sisters. Work had entirely failed them, and their money was very scanty grace.

Amanda had an active disposition. To her vision there was but blackness ahead. Mary had been weeping; for even to her things seemed drearier log—yes, desperate.

"I wonder if you'll say now that the righteous are never forsaken," said Amanda, as she crept, shivering, nearer to the dying embers. A miserably cold and gray November day was closing with a more miserable night.

Darkness is indeed upon our path, my sister, but though for day we see, yet will I trust in Him. Dear Amanda, if you could only say and feel this though there would still be hardship, there would be no sadness in our lot; for even if it is God's will that we should die, we lose little to gain all. I am sure, sister, it would be a very sweet and easy thing to die. What has this world for us? I do not pray, 'make me willing to die;' but 'make me willing to live and suffer!' Amanda, if you would only give yourself entirely into God's hand, and to Him life nor death could hurt you."

"Oh, don't preach such stuff to me! I don't believe God knows or cares anything for either of us. You my truly life but nothing for us. We should do well to get out of it. Where are you going, Mary?"

"That idle are ringing—I am going to church. Come, Amanda, go with me. It is warmer in the church than here, and we shall feel better there when we have prayed."

"No. Go—go, if you will. I shall not play the hypocrite by going with you. A great deal of good it will do us to go there to pray, and even have to return to this dark. I will never go out of here again, until I go for good."

"Well—good-bye, then, for I must go. Oh! poor, dear Amanda, it is as though I had no sorrow but for your sake."

Mary kissed her sister tenderly, and tears filled the eyes of both the poor girls kneeling.

"You are a darling, good sister, and I love you dearly, and as I am, however—you will in this ways remember that I loved you. Will you? Christ Amanda, springing up, and eagerly clasping her sister's hand.

"Yes, certainly—how could I ever forget it?" answered Mary, surprised at her sister's earnestness.

The latter gave the former a quick, close embrace, and ran again to the window. Mary put her face in her lap, her long, rich tresses of brown glossy hair falling like a shroud around her, and her arms folded about her knees.

Thus Mary left her, and went slowly down the street, making on her the cold wind and sleet, the fiercer over her wayward and unhappy, but stout dear and beautiful sister. Mary's heart was with about two blocks from her house, she experienced a sudden desire to return, and to pray with Amanda still and by the fire. There was yet nearly half an hour before church time—she could return as well as not—and, to make it more certain, the door of the house stumbled against a good, solid stick of wood, that had fallen from some wood-cart. She took this was another, though a much smaller stick. She placed them both on the steps, and entered the unvisited house. Amanda had not stirred. When she saw the wood, she looked somewhat pleased, and said—

"Now, Mary, you had better stay and enjoy the fire these will make."

"I shall be warm enough, Amanda, and now shall really enjoy my meeting, knowing how comfortable you will be."

The minister lectured that night upon the duty of Christians toward the poor. He said that it would be a fearful thing to stand before the Judgment Seat, and see on one hand of God, in all comfortable house, with its unused chambers, and in well stored larder, and upon its table, more than one or more of starved poor one might have saved, and did not. He said that he, for one, did not want to stand in that position, and he was grieved to see so little empty chambers with the homeless but deserving poor.

Mary listened as to the very voice of God. It was God pointing out plainly unto her. He was pleased to care for her; for she had trusted in him.

"I will go to that man and tell him my story. It seems to me that he will believe and help me. At least I will try to get him to do so."

Thus she resolved. After the close of the service the poor girl lingered till almost the last one. As was his custom, the minister had remained talking with one and another of his flock. Many helpful remarks had been made upon his singular proposal to fill his house with the poor. He had stoutly maintained that to do so it was not to be a mess such as was then upon the laboring classes. It was very kind consideration and attention to the poor. Several men had professed their willingness to follow any example their pastor might set.

Our man—a demon—noticing the slight, poorly-clad figure coming hesitatingly out of a slip where it had been waiting, turned to her with kind and half laughing—

"I think you have an applicant already on hand —probably this is to be the first of thousands. You have got yourself into trouble."

"Ask what she wants," requested the pastor, of a man near him.

"To speak with the minister," was the trembling reply, when Mary had heard the question.

What is it? Tell me, my child," said from the circle of well-clothed, well-fed men that surrounded him. "Can I be of any assistance to you, madam?"

"If you please, sir, it is because of what you said that I presume to speak. I have been looking for our work has failed; we cannot keep our room; we have no food; have had none for two days. Oh, sir, forgive me—I never had to ask for help before."

"You ben't" said the minister, turning shortly towards the group of laymen. Tears were in his eyes. His low quivered. He believed every word that had been uttered by the pale, trembling creature before him.

"Will you show me where you live?" he said.

"Yes, sir," was the girl's reply, as she walked out with Mary in the direction of her home.

You said 'we'—who beside yourself suffers as you have described."

"My sister."

"How old are you?"

"I am nineteen and Amanda is twenty years old."

"And you have no relatives?"

"None, sir. Our parents were born in England. They were in good circumstances when we were so well; but they died poor. We had no trouble in taking care of ourselves, and Amanda could.

The girl choked up, and could not proceed.

"Never mind; you are brave. You and your sister shall be taken care of until you can take care of yourselves."

"God will reward you, sir—we cannot."

They were now at the door of the sisters' abode. Mary opened it—all was dark within. The coals were scattered and gone out.

"Amanda!" called Mary. There was no answer.

"Haven't you a light?" asked the minister, a momentary fear of some trick darkening his mind. He had with him money, a costly watch and chain, and a valuable pocket-book, and the poor were become desperate. That he knew. But the sad and gentle voice of Mary re-assured him.

"If you will stand one moment, sir, I can get a light quickly."

While she was gone he moved about a little. In doing so his foot struck against something which seemed to yield to his tomb. He stooped and felt of the object. A human form—a woman—was he lamentable! Was she faint from hunger? What was she? He heard steps. Mary entered with a light. Stretched at his feet was a fair woman's form; her black hair flowing wide upon the floor —her small hand holding tightly a note and a pencil.

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"I fear that she is dead, my poor girl. But what has caused it? Was she starved?"

He pulled the paper from the dead girl's hand. On it was scrawled—

"I am sorry Mary, that I did it; I was desperate from cold, and hunger, and despair; but now I wish that I had trusted God, and waited until he called me. I am not rebellious nor angry with you, Mary, as I shall die lingering. Perhaps life will have mercy on me at this last hour. Hope so and be comforted—good-bye, best sister. I always love you for you are so kind!"

A vial marked "Poison" was found beneath Amanda on the floor. It had been open, and was half-full spent; and Mary was alone in the wide world.

"Oh! that she had gone with me," groaned the afflicted sister. "Oh! that she had but loved to be with me—here happy might we both have been."

The pastor took Mary home with him. She was fed and warmed, and made to lie down in a clean, soft bed. Her sister Amanda was brought to the clergyman's house, and from thence decently buried. Mary was found life-time friends, and the grip of poverty was never more suffered to fasten upon her. A home and steady employment were, before very long, obtained for her; and although never a genius, and often a sufferer from pain, the life of dear Amanda's sister of Mary was a peace. As long as she lived she blessed the hour in which she had trusted in the Lord of God, and in his promise; and never did she forget that her unfortunate sister had received a prophecy. In those few words there was a better balm for that fearful wound in her faithful and loving heart, than could have been applied to all the happiness that the world can bestow.

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PRIDE.

BY MARGUETA MOORE.

Pride is a state or quality of mind for which there is no reason and no cause.

There is a proper elevation of mind, a noble self-esteem, arising from the consciousness of worth and right conduct; and it is right to feel that the arrogant passions of which we speak—it is not, properly, pride at all. A feeling which must, beyond question, be stronger in the breast of God himself than in that of any created being can have nothing in common with that feeling which debases and degrades.

Pride is self-idolatry—the very alcohol—of all sin; and its base, and its pillars, and its dome, are nothing but selfishness, cold, heartless, hateful selfishness.

It is surely enough to make one sick to see how much of this spirit there is in the family of man, the moment they begin to imagine that they have any thing to be proud of, whether it be personal beauty, intellectual power, or with beauty.

If there could possibly be a condition in which a man might stand and be proud with some show of reason it would be in a condition of entire freedom from temptation to sin, and from the love of it.

But when God has laid upon an immortal creature the infirmity of sin, and upon his weakness all of wealth, rank, genius, or beauty; and with every one of these gifts has added a solemn and awful responsibility, declaring that he will have again his own "with usury" (and that to whom much is given much will be required), it is manifestly out of the place for pride. Why, one would say that even he to whom the world has given the most talents, with increasing fear. Power, rank, wealth, beauty, and genius, are but a part of; they are something far finer and tremble at; and to cause the soul of him that has them to go softly, and in the spirit of humility, I think you see.

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD HUSBAND.

When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, to vanity, to boasting, to loud talking, to rude conduct, he will be the same to his wife after marriage that he was at first.

When you see a man of frugal and industrious habits, of the same trade, occupation, or calling as yourself, who will take a wife for the value of herself, but not for the sake of wealth, that man will be a good husband, and his wife will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his family to poverty and want.

When you see a young man whose manners are of the most boisterous and disgusting kind, with a propensity to carry his oaths, and vulgar jests enough to make him thirty every one inferior to himself, you may safely believe that every effort that had been uttered by the pale, trembling creature before him.

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BABY'S RIVAL.

BY CLARA STUART.

There are many persons who make a practice of saying a little children, to whom has come the gift of a brother or sister—

"Now, baby, your nose is broken; you never can be mother's baby any more; for she has got another."

This is said in thoughtlessness; often with glee; but it sinks like a stone into the baby heart to which it is addressed.

Were one to go to a grown man and tell him that his house and home, and all that realized within it, had gone none knew whither, but where he never more might hope to see them, it would not be a more cruel blow to him than it is to a little two or three years old child, to tell him that he can never be mother's baby any more. It makes him a poor, frightened little outcast in a moment; and any one, realizing this fact, can so report with the feelings of a tender babe is worthy of being promoted to the office of chief torturer in some barbarous despot's court.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an expectation to which we involuntarily go forward.

Love as fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them: such persons covet secrets as misers covet money—for the sake of hoarding or circulation.

Remember More said to Horace Walpole—" If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by attesting on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody else."

Be not offended at a jest. If one throw salt at you, don't throw pepper, unless you have the best sore places.

The sweet light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus, seen plainly when all around is darkness; but no longer seen and welcomed as a friend, when we are no longer needed.

Those who are in truly noble descends not to mean resentment.

A fair friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

There are two kinds of geniuses—the clever and the stupid.

Those why cry the loudest have generally the least to say.

He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.

That man who disclaims pride proclaims it aloud.

Ignorance and pride keep constant company.

Men in high life are ignorant of books.

A cat in gloves catches no mice.

Pride is the beginning of error.

Covetous men are bad sleepers.

Old foxes want no traps.

THE BUILDER.

Who is greater than the builder, the builder in the largest sense—the Creator—He who does something; makes something, adds something, whether the file say, or may not exist? Yes, who is greater than the builder in the sublime, whether it be of battlements or temples, statues or paintings, science, art, literature, machinery, codes, or empires? Surely, there is none greater. The inventor among men is the true builder—supreme above the rest—the great builder—GOD! He that created the universe, and the home of "many mansions" not made with hands would be the greatest. Greek the true builder, whether he build of perishable matter or of anything thought; whether he be Phidias, Praxiteles, or Michael Angelo, Shakspeare or Washington, Newton or Watt, Daguerre or Morse, Whittemore or Howe. As he is greater, more God-like, than those who have gone before him, so he will be greater than those who come after him in skill. No standard can measure, no school tame him; he makes his train, and empire springs to birth; he rebuilds his brain, and the world hears of new surprises and laws; he smites his brain, and behold a new glory with pictured. His brain has become a seeming breath, the temple rises, and lightning and storm contend to toll for man's benefit his train.

—And into being enters
Another wonder-working brain.

Ah, if of such could be said, "he builded better than he knew!" was a story of passion! Such work there would be. Too many build not than; they build with their hands, and they build well; but their skill. Whatever their sphere, to build with blind or brain, to follow or to lead, they become their own slaves, and their work is regarded a thing it is to truly build, and they forget that they are the Master-builder. We are builders all of us, on the measure of our destiny. There is no one who does not do something—no one but we can how them rough or unbuilt as we will. Let us build, then, as well as we can, whether it be our fortunes, our habits, or our minds.

HUMBLE EMPLOYMENTS.

Often as the true democratic doctrine, that the man honors the work, and not the work the man, has been proclaimed, we still seem to be in danger of falling to the contrary in the minds of many people. Some people have thought that the humblest employments are worthy of their efforts. And no error holds sway over them.

Young friends! You must lay aside your false notions in this respect, if you would have a spirit that is in the employ of the king in which you live; it is an earnest age. It calls not for drones of idlers, but for workers. It is a critical age, judging people by their individual worth, not that of their ancestors. It scorns borrowed plumes and artificial appearances, and requires that each be directing and self-relying efforts as the road to true greatness.

But, if not sufficiently exhorted and impelled by these motives, let me urge you to be diligent in the past. You will find it a told of Hercules, whose name is the very synonym of strength and courage, that, after he had performed such feats as beheading hydra-headed strangling lions, he undertook the mystic cleansing of the stables of Augeas. Among the stables of Augeas—not with a broom, as would active would have done, but by turning upon their thirty years' filthy accumulations the food of an entire river! Having done this, was he say the less Hercules than before?

Imitate Hercules, then, by doing cheerfully and well whatever is given you to do, though in some humble employment!

THE MORALITY OF SOCIETY.

We confine that we have, at times, had our misgivings about the moral progress of American society. We could not well doubt its intellectual and artistic advancement; these are too patent to be gainsayed, even by the commonest observer. But our view of the current social moralities was, perhaps, too much limited to city places—we may have been confirmed here, in the midst of a dense community, being a highly competitive and artificial one, in the immorality or lodge of the national body. We shall be glad to know of a certainty that such has been our case. The student of history knows that, in other ages, society has most than once witnessed the highest intellectual exaltation linked with the most debased morality. The age of Pericles, Alcibiades, Leis and Aspasia, was in the accomplishment of art, poetry and philosophy, the golden age of Greece. Then the courtesan ruled the State. Rome was not more splendid in its intellect than when the revelers of Sylla and Lucullus vied in attractiveness with the eloquence of Cicero. France was as profligate as she was splendid under the reign of the "magnificent" Louis—and that England, during the period of the Stuarts.

The things that have disturbed our faith in American moral progress are the low moral character of our people from the simplicity of the fathers; the low standard of morality which exists in the public mind; the rapid increase of crime, and the shockingly increase of social castes and distinctions; the total or partial spirit of too many of the rich and both sexes, and the up-growing of a generation of almost nameless children. Indeed, the disgraceful exposures that have been made of the Court has been the saddest sign we have noted of national moral declension. Judges! the conservators of city life!—and the life of all our great communities is the most important and would not seem to be the conclusion that we have not advanced upon the moralities of half a century ago? Who believes the young men of the present day are more moral than those of the young or old are as simple mannered and reverent as their grandfathers and grandmothers were? Is it not notorious that religion has more lax devotees? Is it not plain that more and worse crimes are done? Is that public trusts find poorer servants; that commercial life exhibits greater aberrations and colossal frauds? Is it not a more prevalent belief with regard to castes of population? We leave the reader to answer these questions.

And yet, when we recently put to a New-Englander—a man from the heart of a strong Puritan—the question, "Are we not as a people retrograding in morality?" his prompt answer was, "No, sir! I think we are not." We mention the fact, where your population is heterogeneous, and of the poorer kind—as in the case of Ireland—where many of the sharpers and rogues of the country to help on your artificial life, but let it once seem, and emigrants will be sent out in the country. Why," said he," our churches and schools have increased and improved in New England, and we have more population and we have general manners and morals. For instance," he said, "I can remember when I was a boy, twenty years ago, when there was a 'tippler' in almost every village. Now, we have no population and no rum-drinking—and when even the drayman and the minister could get tipsy without much being said about it. Now it is not so. I am sure of the improvement, as it then was to find a sober one, and the minister who would not be ashamed to be overtaken. Why, sir," he added, warming up, "there isn't a Governor's place in the State of Vermont where a man can get a drink of liquor. Our farmers are all sober men, and industrious, and prosperous, and intelligent, and intelligent, and well-informed with what we used to have. Cultivation of land and the mind has kept pace with the growth of their advanced morality and intelligence, our New England population grows thrifty and happy and prosperous and thus," said he, in conclusion, "will you find it among every portion of the people where cities and villages all over the country." We grant that it is so.

EARLY TENDENCIES OF A WISE MOTHER.

The faculties of young children resemble a trap of new recruits in the field of battle, who have not yet learned to distinguish the sound of a trumpet or to obey instinctively the commands of their officers. They are ready to fall in the wrong direction, but the strength and well-directed force resulting from discipline is wanting. Hence the awkwardness is irregularity of action, and rapid defeat. A simple but beautiful little anecdote, in illustration of this subject, is to which, while it shows how a mother improves the truth of the remark, will show how early the faculties constituted can be made to develop activity of certain faculties, accuracy in the exercises, and highly useful when under the control of the superior sentiments. The mother herself related the fact to us as follows:

One day, wishing to give some change on the table, near which her little girl, four years old, was playing, on returning to the table she missed the money. It immediately occurred to her that the child had taken it up to play with, and accordingly she went to look for it. The mother, who had child denied that she had touched it, but in a manner which left no room to suspect deception. The mother, however, took no notice of this, and rang for the servant, who said she had not been in the room since her mistress left it. The mother, now feeling certain that her daughter had the money, and wishing to recover it without exciting opposition, but in a gentle manner, to show her what she had done, and what turned out to be very useful, began picking some stones up in the garden. How did the mother act? She took a little box, and went into an adjoining room, where they might be quite alone, and then finally but quietly satisfied the strongest sentiment in the child's mind for the money. How difficult, in such a nut uncommon case, to act with the right tact! It all seems to be a question of the limit, and yet avoid the appearance of severity. The mother knew that the child's conscience had been instead of betraying anger. Instead of upbraiding or inflicting punishment, she said into a chair and began to cry. The child was astonished; then she made has never been effaced, and the child is forever secured from a dishonesty which, however slight in itself, is the beginning of a habit, if often repeated, have become a direct habit.

THE POOR BOY.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is a mark of dignity. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips. So good boy will thank you because you cannot spare as well as your companions; and if a boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing; my good lad, but work on. We know many rich and good men who were once poor and friendless boys; and if you are good and upright, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and addicted to bad habits.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE SUNK CASKET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I had a garment rare—
A robe of red;
I wore it well and long,
Yet, lo! it fled.

I had a casket, and all
For the same object it were,
To observe the more precious
Its lost—to lose!

I had a ring of price—
A wedding ring—
Not to their secret said
To whom it clung;
Not to their name linked
In the marriage song—
Look! look! Behold it!

I had a precious gem—
A jewel rare;
Close in my bosom's core
That talisman I bore
Where'er the cowslips spy
My life of life or joy
The gem! the gem!

Alas! poor, ruined heart,
Burdened with sorrow!
What friend shall take thy part?
Who does the mourner's need
From the despair?
Lo! One, and only One,
Ardent is apt to hear!
—Heaven hath a casket for,
Where are no moth, nor rust,
Nor thief to mourn the trust;—
Heaven hath a casket for
Its treasure age endures,
Lay thine up there!

AN ADVENTURE IN TEXAS.

BY CHARLES SIDNEY.

Many years ago, shortly after the triumphant conclusion of the revolt of Texas from Mexico, all eyes seemed turned in the direction of the newly acquired country. The South, in particular, regarded the wonderful territory as a handful of barely free-born colonies, over the world and sharks the hosts of the tyrannical Mexican Government as an ordination of Providence that they should go in and possess the land. Accordingly, several of the States—Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and Western Virginia in particular—sent company after company of stern, resolute men with their families and wagon-trains of household goods and chattels, far into the interior of the fair, rich, and teeming territory.

Most specially the emigrating party consisted of three or four families, who designed settling in contiguity with each other, for purposes of self-protection, and with a view to the making of villages and townships; but occasionally a solitary traveler, not possessing the encumbrance of a family, wayfarer, well-mounted and well-equipped, might be seen quietly pursuing his way over the rich rolling lands, to the westward of Nacogdoches. It is with one of the latter our story has to do, but as a partial slightly sentence to the fall of the Alamo.

It was on one of those soft, quiet days so peculiar to the central region of Texas, when the very atmosphere, loaded with its balmy perfumes, seems to lull one all sensual existence to repose, that a solitary traveler was slowly wending his way over the famous rolling red lands, which stretch for hundreds of miles beyond the river Sabine. That he had ridden fast and far was evident from the appearance of his horse, whose foaming sides and drooping head evinced an unusual degree of fatigue. It was a day, as we have said, calculated to call forth a dreamy, reflective mood; the surrounding country was rich in all the beauties of that delightful clime. The wild flowers magnolia, the snowy cotton-wood, the sweet-scented china, mingling with a thousand other perfumes of the blossoming trees and dripping vines, threw their aromatic odor upon the drowsy air, and both man and horse and rider for the time seemed to relapse into a quiescent state corresponding to the scene.

He was a man of appearance and manners, dressed in the style peculiar to the hardy adventurers of that region. A full belt, with a long bowie, slouching brim, threw a quiet shadow over his forehead, but concealed not the fire of his eyes, though effulgent to a degree, were likewise stern and decisive, and a glance at his small, keen blue eye, would not serve to undeceive an acquainted with human nature that he was not an individual to be trifled with, or molested with impunity. He wore the usual hunting-frock of the borderers, and by a belt beneath were fixed a brace of long, silver-mounted pistols, and a long, heavy, powerful-shaped knife, to which he was the owner, gave a sense that he preferred to use it. The trooper of course stuff, with ornamented buckskin leggings covering the tops of a pair of heavy boots, completed his attire.

The day was far advanced; and looming up in the West were a few black clouds, which betokened the approach of one of those terrific storms which sometimes sweep over the country with a desolating power. For some half an hour the horseman quietly pursued his way, his eyes bent upon the ground, his mind evidently far away upon other scenes, though still keeping a watchful eye over the circle of the one which surrounded him. At length he reached the bank of a small stream, where the hoofs of prior riders showed that it was a road he was pursuing, when, just as his thirsty animal had bent his head to the water, he was suddenly startled by the report of a rifle, and a tingling sensation on his forehead, as the ball from the weapon, wound him how near that moment had been to his last.

Reining up his restless beast, and drawing a pistol from his belt, he was prepared for any and every object about him, as if to guard himself from the attack of numbers, and this without his gaze for a few moments upon the point whence the ball had been fired. His horse nothing caused a thin wreath of smoke curling among the clustered leaves, at a distance of perhaps some twenty paces; and no daring trooper to remain a quiet target for the invisible foe, who might even at that moment be taking a more certain aim, he plunged his spurs deep into the flank of his noble horse, and dashing through the stream and up the opposite slope, soon cleared the thicket, and was speeding onward like the wind.

It was now, for the first time, that he perceived the advancing storm; and aware from its appearance, and the sultry, still, and sweltering air that heralded its coming, that it would be one of no ordinary power, he began to experience an little anxiety about finding a place of shelter for himself and beast. He had ridden for hours without seeing any sign of habitation, and upon his own route before him gave no promise of finding one on reaching his destination for the day, which was still many a long league distant.

Half an hour's further hard riding, however, brought him to an old, dilapidated building, which, from its appearance, had served some early Spanish settler; and as night and the storm were now close upon him, he decided it should serve him in turn, at least during the continuance of the tempest. Riding in through what had once been the main entrance of the building, he found himself partially sheltered under a roof constructed by some passing traveler, who had thrown a few saplings along the ruins, and interlaced them with a thatch of trash and grass. It was not yet dark, but the night was fast setting in, assisted by the advancing clouds, which had rolled far up toward the zenith, and long gone veiled the shifting moon. Almost incessant flashes of lightning, which descended in livid chains, lit up the dreary-looking place, and each was followed by its own peal of thunder, which, with a few exceptional crashes, became one almost ever-continuous roar.

By this light, and what still remained of day, the traveler could see about his place of refuge, which presented a very deserted appearance. A few broken stones and other rubbish were piled up here and there, but in one corner lay a litter of straw which should the night prove inclement for him would have to serve as a comfortable resting-place for his own weary limbs. Distributing from his horse, he slid him to one of the saplings. Unpurvelled, and removing the flagstone from around his feet, to prevent their injury, and of looking more carefully to his weapons, he deliberately set himself down to await the issue.

The storm broke fiercely, the wind shrieked dismally, the lightnings flashed incessantly, the thunder pealed continuously, and the rain, pouring down in torrents, soon wetted our traveler to the skin. One, two, three, long hours were passed, and still the storm raged so furiously, that at last, reluctantly, our hero relinquished all hopes of passing his journey further for the night—for even should the tempest clear away, it was already late, and he knew that the difficulties and dangers of travel would be so swollen as to make the fresh danger of it. He therefore composed himself more to his ease; and pushing a portion of the straw together he threw himself down upon it; and wet though it was—and watery, wet and miserable though he himself—he felt some little satisfaction in finding that his long-protracted journey had brought at last a cessation to an end; and with a lingering sigh for his poor beast, which could have no better than its master, he soon fell into a drowsiness sleep—the thought of his late narrow escape not tending to a deeper impression upon his mind than that of a fervent gratitude that his good fortune or a kind Providence had saved him.

The storm passed on, the rain ceased, the thunder died away in the distance, and all was hush or stupor. At length, just as the first faint streak of day had begun to tinge the East, he roused with a kind of start, and, rubbing the blood from his brow, looked curiously about him, with the air of one who is trying to recollect his surroundings, and bring his state of unconsciousness. As he peered about the old ruin, the fire gave a flicker, and, cold, wet and hungry—his eye fell upon his horse, which seemed to be asleep; and remembering how long both had fasted, and that their only chance to continue until they should reach a settlement, he resolved to remain in his present position.

As he changed his position, however, in spring to his feet, he caught a momentary glimpse of the face of a man, lying in the straw, not three feet distant. The back of the stranger was toward our hero, and his face in such a position that the blanket of one shoulder, which had fallen from the head, looked curiously about him, with the air of one who is trying to recollect his surroundings, and bring his state of unconsciousness. As he peered about the old ruin, the fire gave a flicker, and, cold, wet and hungry—his eye fell upon his horse, which seemed to be asleep; and remembering how long both had fasted, and that their only chance to continue until they should reach a settlement, he resolved to remain in his present position.

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As his horse continued at intervals to whinney, he knew he must soon be heard by the approaching party, and he was anxious to see what effect this would produce upon them. He had not long to wait, for the men were advancing with rapid strides, and a louder whinny than usual seemed to reach their ears, when, stopping suddenly, and holding their swords, they halted, let the other an apparently brief consultation with the other, pulled back their pistols, and then, with this they turned at once from the road, and gliding into the ruin, perhaps, touched the place at a quick, stealthy pace. From the change in their position, the stranger was now in some danger of being discovered; but as it was not yet light enough to distinguish objects at any considerable distance, and the difference in the color of their clothes to omit the result, and this rather to a man inclined to feel boldly, than as one actuated by any feeling of fear.

It was perhaps a couple of minutes from this time, the two men, leading their own and the horses of beaten, glided up to the main entrance and looked intently within.

"I say, Bill," whispered one, but loud enough for the listener to hear, "I know all about it, now; that that's the hen of the feller as I tuk a shot at yesterday; and he's got nay rocks, that's sartin sure."

"Hush, Joe!" returned the second, in the same cautious manner; "he's sleeping, and there's no use of our waking him for nothing. Let's go round to the back door, and we've got him."

"Halves, you know," said the other.

"Halves—honor bright—you know that's my rule, Joe; but I don't see no use o' our calling in the rest to share."

"Why, you fool—this here's my game. I had the first shot, and I've a right to it; and of the whole the rifle gun belongs to me, and I'll have the tree and climb for 'em."

"I see supposin' I was to agree, from their remarks, that these ruffians had but nothing to do individually with the killing of the man within; but as it served to reveal to him their intention to murder him, he felt none the less hostile to them on that account.

"Now, then, you're ready," said the ruffian Bill to Joe, the two men, leaning their rifles against the wall, and drawing their knives, prepared for what they supposed to be the sleeper. Owing to the light being yet dim, and the body mostly concealed by the blanket, they were not aware of what the man was dead; and determining to make their work sure, they drew their knives, and plunged their blades into their victim to the hilt.

"Why, hello, Joe," cried Bill, with an oath, "this here's a dead man!"

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the other, adding a tremendous oath, which we will not repeat. "This will be no reward, Bill, as I'll be shot—you have no business to be here!" the traveler, in a tone that seemed to freeze the blood of his hearers; and as the latter looked upon the deadly face of the man, who beheld him standing in the doorway, with one of his own rifles brought to a deadly aim.

He had seen them put aside their rifles, for the purpose of deliberate butchery; and with a presence of mind that did credit to himself and them, and now had the villains at his mercy.

"Both who are you?" the former, "we are—we're only in search of our own gun—and—if you'll just let us off, you can take what we've no claim to, and we'll be off, you can take what we've no claim to, and we'll be off, you can take what we've no claim to, and we'll be